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POISONING MADE EASY.

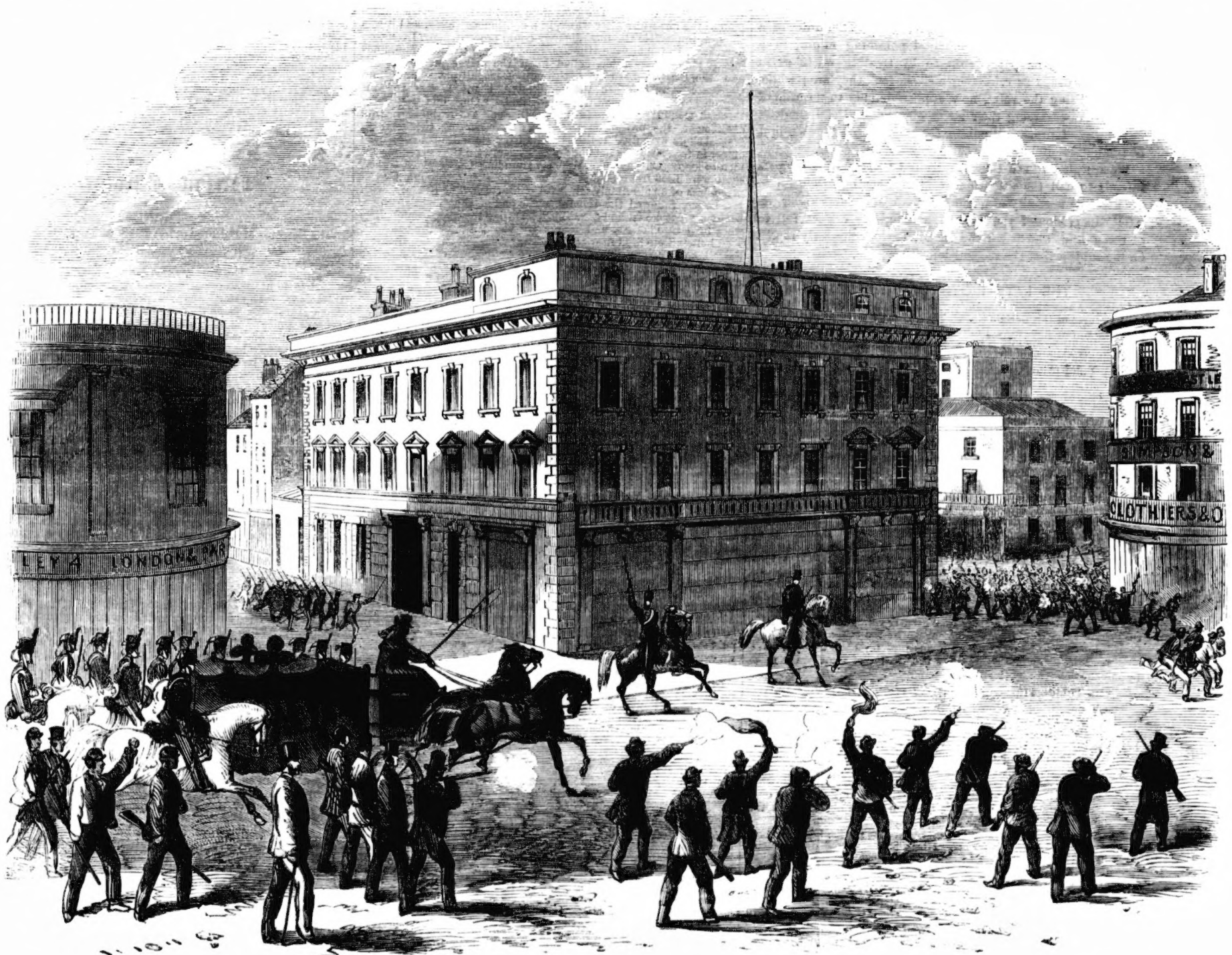
THAT many hundred persons in England die every year of intemperance is a fact which has long been known; but the public has been rather startled by the information just supplied by Dr. Alfred Taylor, in a report addressed to the Privy Council, as to the amount of mortality that may be ascribed to poisoning in various forms. As much health and life seems to be destroyed by narcotics as by stimulants; but while the sale of intoxicating drinks is strictly regulated and, to a certain extent, limited by law, every one is free to dispense laudanum, and indeed any kind of poison, at all times and to all persons, under whatever circumstances they may present themselves. The only exception is in the case of arsenic, on the sale of which some not very important restrictions have, indeed, been imposed. Thus, by an Act passed a few years ago, it is rendered illegal to sell arsenic in quantities of less than ten pounds, unless coloured with soot or indigo. There are many kinds of food in which black or blue arsenic could not possibly be mixed without exciting suspicion, though there are just as many other kinds in which the colouring matter would escape notice. No poisoner would try to administer black arsenic in a white jelly, or in milk, or even in a cup of tea; but

in a rich stew or in a pot of London porter the presence of the soot or indigo would scarcely be perceptible, and the only real effect of this precautionary clause as to the colour of the arsenic is to give intending murderers a little extra trouble. It is illegal, moreover, to sell arsenic, in large or small quantities, without registering the buyer's name and residence, together with the date and professed object of the purchase; but, in spite of these restrictions, arsenic is sold, and no one who wants it experiences the slightest difficulty in obtaining it. Few questions are asked by the small grocers and chandlers who deal in the article, and any plausible answer is accepted as sufficient. Hamlet wanted only to kill a rat when, by mistake, he stabbed Polonius, and the purchasers of arsenic have only to plead Hamlet's intention in order to have it in their power to get rid of any human being who may stand in their way. "So long," says Dr. Taylor, in one of the most remarkable passages in his report, "as a person of any age has the command of threepence he can procure a sufficient quantity of one of the most deadly poisons to destroy the lives of two adults. No one wishing to destroy another by poison, and having the knowledge to make a selection among drugs, need have any difficulty in carrying

out his design. If refused at one shop, he can procure the poison at another. If refused by a druggist, he can procure it at a grocer's; if refused at a grocer's, he can procure it at a village general shop, where poisons are retailed by boys and girls, and 'no questions are asked.'"

It is evident, then, both that the law concerning the sale of poisons is not sufficiently strict, and that, such as it is, it is systematically violated. Murder and suicide are made easy; and Englishmen, among other liberties, enjoy that of purchasing as much poison as they please at shops where "no questions are asked." This is the first and most striking evil in the present system of drug selling; but Dr. Taylor calls attention to others which, when duly considered, are even more alarming. As for wilful poisoning, if a man is determined to commit a murder, he will find means to execute his purpose, whether arsenic be easily accessible to him or not. A timid assassin may be tempted by the facilities afforded to him for disposing of his victim secretly and securely, and thus a certain amount of wilful murder is, no doubt, rendered possible which, under a stricter legal supervision, would be next to impossible.

But, in addition to this great wrong, the law, as it at present



THE BELFAST RIOTS.—THE FUNERAL OF M'CONNELL: EXCHANGE OF SHOTS BETWEEN THE FUNERAL PARTY AND THE HERCULES-STREET MOB.—(FROM A SKETCH BY C. J. BROWNE.)

stands, provides in no way against the sale of poisons by mistake. It does not guard sufficiently against wilful poisoning, but against accidental poisoning it does not guard at all. Accordingly, we find Dr. Taylor mentioning instances in which arsenic has been given instead of arrowroot, and in which "rice, corrosive sublimate, jalap, and oxalic acid were found, in different papers, in the same drawer, and all under the care of an ignorant boy." Sometimes, too, these fatal mistakes have been made on a larger scale. Thus twelve pounds of white arsenic have been sold instead of plaster of paris, and used to adulterate lozenges; and a miller, who proposed to mix alum with his flour, received, instead of thirty pounds of alum, the same quantity of sugar of lead. The error about the plaster of paris caused the deaths of seventeen persons and made 183 seriously ill. The poisoning of the flour killed no one; but 500 persons who ate of the bread were more or less affected by it.

Besides the cases of wilful and accidental poisoning, which may fairly be charged against the present system of drug selling, it also facilitates habitual poisoning by small doses—as practised unconsciously by the mothers and nurses who quiet their children with various preparations of opium sold under the name of cordial. "There can be no doubt," reports Dr. Taylor, "of the horrid statement made by almost every surgeon in the Marshland that there was not a labourer's house in which there was not a bottle of opiate to be seen, and not a child who did not get it in some form." The wife of a man in South Lincolnshire has spent, according to the statement of her husband, as much as £100 in opium since her marriage! It is to be hoped that this lady has been married some considerable time; but however that may be, we find that in one Lincolnshire district the average annual consumption of opium is calculated at upwards of 100 grains per head. The retail druggists of the marsh districts sell as much as 200lb. of opium a year, chiefly in the shape of pills or "pennysticks," which a shop doing a fair amount of business will dispense on a Saturday evening to some 300 or 400 customers.

Against this reckless use of opium in the marsh districts and in the great manufacturing towns, where it also prevails, the Legislature can do but little. It can insist, however, that poison shall be labelled "poison," that all preparations of opium shall be called by their proper names, and that none shall be sold except in obedience to the written order of a physician. The cases of accidental poisoning might, in a great measure, be put a stop to by treating mistakes in serving out drugs as crimes—which, in fact, they are; while, by generalising the rules, now applicable only to the sale of arsenic, and enforcing their strict observance, the difficulties in the way of procuring poison for criminal purposes might be rendered tenfold greater than they are at present.

We are glad to see that the United Society of Druggists intends to call the attention of Parliament next Session to the absolute necessity of placing the sale of poisons under the strict supervision of the law. That necessity cannot fail to be recognised, and it will be to Dr. Taylor's masterly report on the subject that the recognition will be due.

THE LATE RIOTS IN BELFAST.

It is now ascertained that 150 persons were more or less injured in the course of the Belfast riots. Nine deaths have already taken place, of whom five were Protestants and four Roman Catholics. But the list of fatal cases is not yet exhausted, as more are expected to be shortly reported. It argues strongly for the still heated state of the popular feeling when we find that in every case the coroner's juries return open verdicts. A recriminatory correspondence has arisen out of the recent disturbances between the Marquis of Donegall, Lord Lieutenant of the county, and Mr. Lytle, Mayor of Belfast, as to the conduct of the authorities in allowing the riots to go on unchecked till a dangerous degree of popular excitement had arisen. The Marquis having made some strictures on the fact that the Mayor was absent from the town during a portion of the time that the disturbances were going on, Mr. Lytle published a letter, in which, after explaining that he had left the town for the benefit of his health some days before serious disorder had occurred, and that he returned directly he became aware that his presence was necessary, proceeds to retaliate on Lord Donegall for not having himself exerted the authority vested in him as Lord Lieutenant of the county to put down the first indication of disturbance. To this letter the Marquis replied, and the Mayor rejoined; and a very pretty quarrel has been got up about the matter. Perhaps all parties in authority will come to the conclusion that in future it will be better to do their duty at the proper moment than to squabble after mischief has occurred as to who ought to have prevented it. For the present, popular feeling has greatly calmed down, and it is to be hoped that the town will not again be the scene of such disgraceful events as those of which it has just been the theatre. We this week publish a few Engravings illustrative of some of the most prominent incidents of the riots.

THE POLICE FIRING ON THE MOB FROM BOYNE BRIDGE.

The Boyne Bridge has only recently been erected over a crossing of the Ulster Railway, and is situated just outside the station, and near to the disorderly Protestant quarter of Sandy-row. It was here the riots may be said to have commenced, for it was on this bridge that the effigy of O'Connell was burned by the Orange faction on the night of the laying of the foundation-stone of the proposed monument to the Liberator in Dublin. The following evidence of one of the witnesses, at the inquest on the body of a man killed here when the police fired on the mob, explains the occurrence:—

John Williams said: I live at 6, Sandy-row. My mother keeps a public-house there, and I manage it for her. I remember the fatal occurrence at the railway bridge on Tuesday. I was standing behind the bar that morning, and, having heard a noise outside, I ran to the door, and saw a mob of persons running down the bridge in the direction of Sandy-row. As soon as they came to the foot of the bridge they stopped and faced about. The constabulary then appeared at the top of the bridge, and stood for a couple of seconds. The mob and the police were looking at each other. It was then between nine and ten o'clock. The police appeared to be in pursuit of the mob, which was composed indiscriminately of men, women, and children. There were more women and boys than men. Heard of no firearms used by them, and saw no stones thrown. The police fired from the bridge down into Sandy-row, and I immediately saw a man fall, and the crowd fled, leaving him on the ground. That man was John McConnell, the deceased. I had known him before. The police faced about and fired a second time. I was not at the door all the time. There were parties standing at the door, and I tried to get them away to prevent their being hurt by the firing. There were ten or twelve shots fired both times. I could not say how many police were on the bridge. I did not see anything occur calculated to excite terror in the police or justify them in firing. As far as I could see, there were six or eight policemen

there, and there were twenty or thirty persons in the street. The mob were off the bridge when the police appeared. Some of the police might have been hidden from my view on the bridge. I was looking out about five minutes. About a second elapsed between the two firings. I was very much excited, but was cool. I heard no shots from the crowd before the police fired upon the mob in that street, or any other mob. Saw no firearms and no bludgeons whatever with them. They did not throw any stones. They were very peaceable. I could not say whether they spoke. I did not hear them. They were peaceably disposed. I did not see them put the police off the bridge, or hear of it. The deceased was shot at the first firing. When he fell the mob dispersed.

DISTURBANCE AT THE FUNERAL OF M'CONNELL.

The funeral of this, the first victim of the disturbances, took place a few days afterwards, and was the occasion of a renewal of the riots in an aggravated form. A local newspaper states that M'Connell is very greatly lamented. He took no part whatever in the riots, and was a most peaceably disposed person. On the previous day he, by most active exertions, saved the life of a Roman Catholic in Durham-street who was walking along without molesting anyone. In consequence of his quiet and most inoffensive habits, and dreadful death—having been shot down without a moment's warning—his brethren and friends, to the number of about 3000, assembled to convey his remains to the grave. The funeral wended its way through Durham-street and into Great Victoria-street and College-square, through the midst of an immense concourse of people. The procession consisted of a hearse, with upwards of 3000 people following it, marching six abreast, the vast majority being armed with guns and pistols, and all presenting a most determined appearance. It was plain to be seen that they were prepared to fight their way to the burying-ground at the Knock, and that through the presence of their most determined foes in Belfast. In the morning it was rumoured that they dare not take the mournful cavalcade through Donegall-place and past the corner of Hercules-place and the Catholic Institute, and it was thought by many that, as there was another and much more direct route, they would not rush into a dreadful riot such as might be expected if they went that way. However, with their immense following, armed with guns and pistols, the cry was, "Into Donegall-place and past them," and the hearse was turned into that locality. Chief-constable M'Kittrick tried to persuade the conductors of the procession that it would be better to take a direct course, but he was hustled about by several parties, and the funeral proceeded on the route determined on. The consequence was that, when about half way along Donegall-place—between Fountain-lane and Castle-lane—the first shot was fired from somewhere about Fountain-lane, and in return, from along the line of the procession in the funeral, volley after volley was fired. On coming nearer Hercules-place, the gunshots got more and more numerous. The firing was so continuous that it would have been almost impossible to have taken the hearse and coffin through the remainder of Donegall-place and Castle-place had not the Hussars, to the number of about forty, with Mr. Lyons, J.P., come up when the procession was half way down Donegall-place. On the appearance of the Hussars, a tremendous cheer was raised by the funeral party, and orange handkerchiefs were waved in great numbers. Whilst this scene was going on, a man, who had been closely following the hearse, and who, from wearing crape, was probably a relative of the deceased, took out a rifled pistol of large size and fired shots rapidly and continuously, as fast as he could reload, in the direction of Hercules-place corner. The guns were fired persistently, the bullets pierced the air, whirr after whirr, in a continuous volley, and it was thought impossible the funeral party could proceed. Mr. Lyons, on horseback, in front of the Hussars, tried to clear the way, and, finding it almost impossible, called upon the driver of the hearse and the Hussars to return through Donegall-place and into Chichester-street. When the procession heard it was the intention to turn them, they shouted, "On, on!" "Down through them!" "Don't turn!" and, amidst the most intense excitement, the procession went on. On nearing Castle-street, several shots were fired at the Hussars from Hercules-place, and the officer in front had his hat shot off. Orders were then given for the men to load. On the funeral party rounding Castle-place corner, shots were fired from behind. The scene, going through Castle-place, was of an absolutely frightful character. The Hussars, with Mr. Lyons, followed the funeral to the end of the Queen's Bridge, where a great crowd had assembled. During the procession bullets were fired into houses, and marks are yet visible in the windows. Two bullets were fired into the seed warehouse of Messrs. Dickson, Farrell, and Co., opposite Corn Market, and panes of glass in the first-floor windows were broken. One of the bullets, of small size, was found in the room. There were also some bullets found in the premises of Mr. Hughes, Donegall-place, which had been fired in as the mob passed.

The funeral now proceeded in a more orderly manner towards the Knock burying-ground, and the only attempt made near the town to exhibit party emblems was passing the Ballymacarrett parish church, where some persons produced orange sashes; but, at the request of the recognised leaders of the party, they were immediately concealed. The funeral then passed on to the burying-ground, which was scarcely able to accommodate the mass of people who followed the coffin to the burying-place. Having interred the remains of the unfortunate deceased, the funeral party again formed in procession to return to Belfast. As some disturbance was anticipated when the procession arrived in town, Mr. Lyons, with two troops of Hussars and a company of infantry, went, shortly after six o'clock, to the Ballymacarrett side of the river for the purpose of meeting the people, and directing them on another course. Mr. Harrison, with another troop of Dragoons, was also on duty, and marched behind the procession into town. These precautions prevented any renewal of the fighting on that occasion, and the processionists were safely conducted to the Sandy-row district, where most of them resided.

ATTACK OF THE SHIP-CARPENTERS ON THE NAVVIES.

One of the most important and dreadful episodes of the riots forms the subject of the third of our Engravings. This was the attack of the carpenters employed at the graving-docks and elsewhere upon the navvies, the former party being Protestants and the latter Roman Catholics. The newspapers attached to each faction published different versions of the affair, but the following, which we extract from the *Belfast Morning News*, gives, we believe, a tolerably correct account of the occurrence:—

In retaliation for an attack of the navvies on the Brown-street School the ship-carpenters in the yards on the county Antrim side, and some from the Queen's Island, resolved on wreaking vengeance. Accordingly, as the navvies had resumed work after dinner, they were advised that an attack was likely to be made on them. Soon the ship-carpenters sallied forth, armed with guns, pistols, marine-spike, foot-spike, and other weapons. A local constable, who was within call of the navvies, shouted "They're coming!" and a crowd who were collected shouted "They're coming!" and told the navvies to run for their lives. The navvies seemed perfectly unaware of the impending attack, although the fact that they had firearms themselves unsafe. In a few seconds the terrible spectacle of the ship-carpenters, armed to the teeth and shouting at the top of their voices that they would have revenge for the attack on the Brown-street Schools, met the astonished vision of the navvies. They were thunderstruck for a moment. About fifty of them were at work in a hollow, just a little beyond the temporary office erected by the contractors. Before them was a sea, into which they must either fight or be driven. The ship-carpenters rushed down towards the navvies, who met them, and an awful hand-to-hand fight ensued—huge sticks, billhooks, &c., on the one hand, and spades and shovels on the other. The ship-carpenters were repulsed, and then they resorted to firearms. They fired into the navvies, who returned the fire. This firing was kept up for some time. The fire after a time began to slacken, owing to want of ammunition, and the ship-carpenters dashed over to the navvies, when a considerable period. The navvies, however, gave way, and the carpenters beat them over the works to the boat-house. One old man who was unable to run was found concealed behind some planks. Here the ship-carpenter party found him and beat him most unmercifully. He was removed to the General Hospital, and the appearance he presented was most pitiable. The navvies got a number of gunshot wounds, and terrible blows were inflicted upon them, especially about the head. The tide was out when the occurrence took place, and the navvies, now reduced to the last extremity, finding themselves unable to continue the contest, some of them being wounded, resolved

on obtaining refuge in flight, and hence some crossed the river (then almost dry) under the Thompson's Battery, and hoped to escape thence over the bank to the Shore Road. A few at the bathing-place obtained a boat, in which they got across the river to the slob on the county Down side, and there escaped. Others sought to take one of the coastguard boats in order to get away, but an officer told them that the man who would attempt to remove the boat would be shot on the spot. The ship-carpenters now had the remaining navvies, apparently, wholly in their power, as they had them nearly encircled. The navvies hurriedly rushed along the mud-bank, into which they sank knee-deep, while the ship-carpenters, standing on the embankment, fired after them in dropping shots. The range, however, was too far for much damage to the navvies even if the aim were good; and the men ploughed away in different directions, some to the North Twin Island, whence they were subsequently removed by a boat, and others towards the Antrim shore. They aided themselves as well as they could with their spades, shovels, or other weapons. Slow, indeed, was their progress through that muddy and treacherous beach. Hundreds of people collected on Thompson's Bank and the railway line watching the navvies "navigating" their passage, and they were now in imminent danger of being drowned by the incoming tide. The knowledge of this fact caused them to make superhuman efforts to get to terra firma. Fortunately, a body of constabulary arrived after the fight was over. Mr. Lyons and first one troop of cavalry and then another also came to their rescue, but of course they could do nothing. A body of police marched slowly down the railway line, the ship-carpenters moving in front of them. The navvies then, seeing that succour was at hand, again made for the railway, and some of them seemed to be greatly exhausted. One man appeared to have got a wound in one of his legs, judging from the awkward way in which he limped. One of the carpenters challenged his comrades to throw off their clothes and finish off the navvies in the mud; but they declined to engage in such an encounter. Three of the police stripped off their clothes, and, wading a good distance in the mud, helped the struggling navvies ashore. All of them were safely landed, with the exception of one man, who was deepest in the water, and who, it was feared, would scarcely have time to be out of the way before the tide came in. However, he was saved. Some of the navvies had thrown off their jackets, and others their trousers, in order to facilitate their passage. On being searched, caps and gunpowder were found on some of them, and a few were seen to throw their pistols and weapons into the mud when they found that their comrades were being searched. Some of them were dreadfully cut and were bleeding profusely. Fourteen or fifteen were taken to the General Hospital, where they received the necessary surgical treatment. The police took a number of them under their protection, and the ship-carpenters marched off in the direction of the Salt-pen road, followed and cheered by a large mob. One of the navvies struggled with great difficulty along the bank towards the Northern Counties Railway. He was bleeding dreadfully, a ball having lodged in his arm, and his face was terribly cut. Some of the officers of the railway, compassionating his desperate condition, afforded him temporary succour and sent him to town for surgical assistance.

The view in our Engraving is taken from the boat-house on Thompson's Bank. The hill in the centre of the picture is Cave Hill; and the village of Whitehouse, to which some of the navvies made their way, a distance of more than two miles, commences on the extreme right.

THE ORANGE LODGES AND THE RIOTS.

At a meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge of Belfast, held in the Orange Hall, Belfast, on Aug. 25, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Inasmuch as the town of Belfast has recently been the scene of formidable riots, injurious to the character and prosperity of the community and dangerous to the peace of the country at large; and whereas, among many allegations as to the origin and continuance of these riots, several public journals have attributed them to the existence and operation of the Orange Institution, it is resolved:—1. That the Orange Institution, having been organised for the purpose of promoting Protestant principles, upholding the Crown and Constitution, and maintaining law and order, it is utterly opposed to all illegal and disorderly proceedings in the State, or to any encouragement of same, as inconsistent with its recognised principles. 2. That this Grand Lodge, on behalf of itself and the other members of the Orange Institution in Belfast, indignantly disclaim any connection whatever, either with the origin or continuance of the recent disturbances, and, deeply deploping with all good citizens these unhappy riots, have done all in their power to maintain and restore the public peace, a large number of the members of the private lodges, as well as of the Grand Lodge, having placed their services as special constables at the disposal of the magistrates, and in other respects exerted their influence to repress the prevalent disorders. 3. That, for the more effective vindication of the Orange Institution against the calumnies alluded to, the editors of some of the leading journals of the United Kingdom be requested to give these resolutions the widest circulation.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Emperor of the French left Paris on Tuesday at noon, for the camp at Châlons, accompanied by Prince Humbert and Prince Napoleon. A State dinner was to take place in the evening at headquarters. The military manoeuvres which the young Italian Prince is to have an opportunity of witnessing were to last some three days. The story about a proposed marriage with Princess Anna Murat seems now quite given up. The lady is too much the Prince's senior; she has no official rank; the Empress opposed the match on the one side and Prince Napoleon opposed it on the other. These and several other explanations are now given to show why a project cannot be carried out which, perhaps, was never seriously contemplated by any of the parties interested.

A good deal of discussion has been excited by speech delivered in the provinces by the Duke de Persigny, in which the ex-Minister laid down the obvious truism that institutions suited to one people might not be adapted to another; and enunciated the equally obvious absurdities that England is still exclusively ruled, legislated for, and taxed by the descendants of the Norman conquerors; and that the French under Napoleon III. enjoy more real freedom than the English do under Queen Victoria!

SWITZERLAND.

The public mind is not yet completely tranquillised in Geneva; nor is it likely to be so long as daily arrests are taking place. The workmen continue to abstain from their ordinary occupations; and the state of things wears so threatening an aspect as, in the opinion of the federal commissioners engaged in an investigation of the late disturbances, to justify the postponement of the September fêtes and the removal of the arsenal from St. Gervais.

VENETIA AND THE TYROL.

The Italian journals and the telegraphic despatches from Turin bring sad details with respect to the arrests which the Austrian Government is making at the present moment on a grand scale in the whole of Venetia and in the Italian Tyrol, in consequence of the conspiracy recently discovered. At this hour, says one of the journals, no one on going to bed knows that he will not the next day find himself at the bottom of a dungeon.

GERMANY AND DENMARK.

The Conference for the settlement of the Danish question, which was to have met on Monday, in Vienna, has again been adjourned. The reason of the delay is believed to be because the Danish Plenipotentiaries are still awaiting some important instructions. Up to the present time, it is stated, the territorial question has entirely occupied the attention of the negotiators. It has been resolved to appoint a committee as soon as possible for the regulation of the frontier line.

The Danish Rigsraad has just had laid before it a series of diplomatic despatches extending from the 8th of October to the 11th of November, 1863. They tend to explain the nature of the efforts made by Denmark to avert the carrying out of federal execution in Holstein and the beginning of war.

GREECE.

An insulting letter addressed to the King by a member of the Opposition gave rise to an excited sitting of the Assembly on the 26th ult. Exasperation prevailed in the capital, and protests were signed by large numbers of persons. The Assembly expressed its indignation at the letter by a majority of 193 to 27. Twenty-eight members abstained from voting.

TUNIS.

Despatches received from Tunis do not by any means confirm the reports which represented the insurrection as practically at an end. On the contrary, it is asserted that a great number of tribes still hold out, and that some of the chiefs who were active in endeavour

ing to promote the proposals for peace had been killed by their followers. The Admirals of the various foreign fleets have advised the Ottoman Commissioner to leave the country in order to simplify the question and give some chance of a speedier solution.

MEXICO.

According to official advices received in Paris, Mexican affairs were in a most satisfactory condition at the commencement of July. Several expeditions for the purpose of driving the Juaristas from points still held by them were in preparation. A considerable land force, sustained by a naval squadron, was to proceed to Matamoras with the view of establishing the Imperial authority on a strong basis there. The Emperor had instituted public audiences every Sunday. Everyone is admitted, without respect to nationality, to expose his griefs and propose whatever measures he may think conducive to the welfare of the nation.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

THE ARMIES IN VIRGINIA.

We have advices from New York to the 22nd ult.

Grant had made another movement to the north of the James River to a place called Deep Bottom, where, on the 14th, two corps of his army attacked the Confederates, who retired, skirmishing, to within six miles of Richmond, when they were reinforced and drove back the Federals, who claim to have captured eight cannon and 500 prisoners. Their loss was upwards of 1000. This movement was at first supposed to be designed to cover General Butler, who was engaged opening a new channel for the James through Dutch Gap or across the peninsula of Faries Island, to enable his gun-boats to avoid the river obstructions below Drury's Bluff, which fortification, it was asserted, would be shortly attacked by the combined water and land forces. Grant's movement, however, seems to have been an attempt at a surprise or a reconnaissance in force, and had failed, after several days' fighting, for his troops had recrossed, and the 5th Corps was pushed forward to the Weldon railroad. On the 19th ult. they were in position on the road when they were surprised by the Confederates and driven back with the loss of 3000 men. Reinforcements were, however, brought up, and the Federals recovered their lost ground. At last accounts, fighting continued.

A good deal of fighting had taken place between the forces of Generals Early and Sheridan, in the Shenandoah Valley; the Confederate leader, however, having been largely reinforced, Sheridan had to beat a retreat down the Valley to Berryville, near which place a train of seventy waggons and 300 mules, with its guard of 150 men, was captured by Mosby on the 13th. At Winchester Sheridan was attacked and routed by Breckenridge, and it is reported that he subsequently fled to Harper's Ferry, and that his wagon-train crossed the Potomac on the evening of the 19th ult. It is to be presumed that the Confederates followed Sheridan closely, for it is stated that Early's return northward was creating much excitement in Maryland.

OPERATIONS IN GEORGIA.

Smart encounters had also taken place in front of Atlanta. Federal accounts announce that Sherman lost 500 men in an unsuccessful attempt on the 5th ult. to extend his right and occupy the Macon road; and an official despatch from General Hood states that on the 6th ult. the Federals made two assaults on S. D. Lee's corps, being "handsomely repulsed" on each occasion. Hood is said to have been very heavily reinforced by the Georgia State militia.

The Confederate General Wheeler, operating in Sherman's rear, demanded the surrender of Dalton on the 14th ult., which being refused, he attacked the town. The garrison held out until aid from Chattanooga arrived on the following day, when Wheeler retired.

A severe engagement occurred at Graysville, eighteen miles from Chattanooga, between General Wheeler and General Steadman, on the 16th. Steadman was wounded, and Colonel Straight killed. The result of the action is not stated.

Through Confederate channels at New Orleans, despatches of the 7th state that General Beauregard, with 20,000 troops, had arrived at Atlanta, but whether for the reinforcement of Hood or the defence of Mobile was unknown.

THE ATTACK ON MOBILE.

The following official despatch from Admiral Farragut, detailing his operations at Mobile, has been published:—

Flag-ship Hartford, Mobile Bay, Aug. 5.
Sir,—I have the honour to report to the department that this morning I entered Mobile Bay, passing between Forts Morgan and Gaines, and encountering the rebel ram Tennessee and gun-boats of the enemy—viz., Selma, Morgan, and Gaines.

The attacking fleet was under way by 5.45 p.m., in the following order:—The Brooklyn, with the Octara on her port side; Hartford, with the Metacomet; Richmond, with the Port Royal; Lackawanna, with the Seminole; Monongahela, with the Tecumseh; Ossipee, with the Itasca; and the Onondaga, with the Galena.

On the starboard of the fleet was the proper position of the monitors, or ironclads. The wind was light from the south-west, and the sky cloudy, with very little sun. Fort Morgan opened on us at ten minutes past seven o'clock, and soon after this the action became lively. As we steamed up the main ship channel there was some difficulty ahead, and the Hartford passed on ahead of the Brooklyn.

At 7.40 the monitor Tecumseh was struck by a torpedo, and sunk, going down very rapidly, and carrying down with her all the officers and crew, with the exception of the pilot and eight or ten men, who were saved by a boat that I sent from the Metacomet, which was alongside of me.

The Hartford had passed the forts before eight o'clock, and, finding myself raked by the rebel gun-boats, I ordered the Metacomet to be cast off and go in pursuit of them, one of which, the Selma, she succeeded in capturing. All the vessels had passed the forts by half-past eight o'clock, but the rebel ram Tennessee was still apparently uninjured in our rear. A signal was at once made to all the fleet to turn again and attack the ram, not only with guns, but with orders to run her down at full speed. The Monongahela was the first that struck her, and though she may have injured her badly, yet she did not succeed in disabling her. The Lackawanna also struck her, but ineffectually. The flag-ship gave her a severe shock with her bow, and, as she passed, poured into her a whole port broadside of solid 9-in. shot and 13lb. of powder at a distance of not more than 12 ft. The ironclads were closing upon her, and the Hartford and the rest of the fleet were bearing down on her, when, at ten a.m., she surrendered. The rest of the rebel fleet—viz., the Morgan and the Gaines, succeeded in getting back under the protection of Fort Morgan.

This terminated the action of the day. Admiral Buchanan sent me his sword, being himself badly wounded with a compound fracture of the leg, which, it is supposed, will have to be amputated. Having had many of my own men wounded, and the surgeon of the Tennessee being very desirous to have Admiral Buchanan removed to the hospital, I sent a flag of truce to the commanding officer of Fort Morgan, Brigadier-General Richard L. Page, to say that if he would allow the wounded of the fleet, as well as their own, to be taken to Pensacola, where they could be better cared for than here, I would send out one of our vessels, provided she would be permitted to return, bringing back nothing she did not take out. General Page consented, and the Metacomet was dispatched.

An officer on board the gun-boat Port Royal supplies the following details of the fight:—

The fleet, consisting of the Hartford, Brooklyn, Richmond, Lackawanna, Ossipee, Monongahela, Onondaga, Galena, Port Royal, Metacomet, Octara, Seminole, Itasca, and the monitors Tecumseh, Manhattan, Chickawaw, and Winnebago, and the Admiral's steam-barge Loyal, got under way at the anchorage off the entrance to Mobile Bay at sunrise, the monitors in advance and the wooden vessels going together in pairs, the flag-ship taking the lead. When within point-blank range of Fort Morgan the vessels ahead were slowed down to enable the line to close up, and at this time the fort and rebel vessels opened fire on the fleet, which was returned from the 100-pounder Parrotts placed on the bows of our vessels in the advance. The Admiral waited until directly abreast of Fort Morgan, when he delivered a succession of broadsides from the 9-inch guns of the Hartford with such precision and galling effect that the rebels were driven away from their guns, and the water battery and fort were silenced. At this time the monitor engaged the rebel iron-clad ram Tennessee, which was discovered lying in position to advance on our noble Admiral. At this moment the monitor Tecumseh struck a torpedo, and was seen to rise and disappear beneath the water almost instantly. The firing now became terrific, and the fleet, although steaming ahead at a full rate of speed, was completely enveloped in flame and smoke. The rebel ram made several attempts to run our passing vessels down, but failed to do so; and in the midst of all this a boat was lowered from the Metacomet to pick up the survivors of our ill-fated monitor. It was a beautiful and appalling sight to witness this boat rowing around on its sacred mission to rescue our drowning

men, with its beautiful flag flowing to the breeze, and the missiles of death and destruction striking and ricocheting all around it. But the gallant officer heedlessly kept on his way, and succeeded in rescuing the pilot, one of the officers, and three men belonging to the Tecumseh. With the exception of the monitor, our fleet had by this time succeeded in passing Fort Morgan, only to be subject to a galling raking fire from the three rebel gun-boats Selma, Morgan, and Gaines. Our vessels, which were secured together in pairs, were now cast off, and the engagement became general, which in a short time resulted in driving the ram and two gun-boats under the guns of Fort Morgan, while the Selma steamed up the bay, with the evident intention of escaping to Mobile. After a chase of about forty minutes the Selma hauled down her flag to Captain Jarrett, of the Metacomet. On boarding her the cause of her surrender was soon apparent—the decks were covered with the dead and dying, and her scuppers were running with their blood. At this time, while our fleet, with a few exceptions, had collected together on the west side of the bay, in the direction of Fort Powell, and out of the range of Morgan's guns, the ram Tennessee was discovered steaming in the direction. The monitors closed with her when in range, and one of the most interesting naval engagements of the war succeeded, and we, in the smaller wooden vessels, were the spectators. A fight of some minutes ensued, when Admiral Farragut, anxious to close the engagement in a summary manner, started towards the Tennessee at full speed; at the same time Captain Strong, in the Monongahela, struck the Tennessee amidships, and withdrew in time to give room to our Admiral to grapple his antagonist, Buchanan. When the smoke cleared away from the two vessels a white flag was seen to wave from the Tennessee's pilot-house, in token of submission; and Captain Jerand, who went in as a volunteer on the Ossipee as a representative of Admiral Farragut, received the sword of Admiral Buchanan, and that terrible engine of destruction was ours, although gained at a great loss of life. Our loss in this fight is about 240 wounded, including the brave Captain Craven, of the monitor, and one hundred of his crew, who went down with him. Admiral Buchanan, of the Tennessee, was shot through the leg, below the knee, and the leg will have to be amputated. Fort Powell, in Grant's Pass, was blown up last night after dark, and Fort Gaines will soon follow. The rebel gun-boats, which sought protection under the guns of Morgan, will be destroyed or captured by our monitors to-day, and the investment and capture of Morgan must follow.

Latest advices from Farragut's fleet state that several vessels had crossed Dog River bar, and attacked the defences of the city. Operations had been commenced against Fort Morgan, and a general attack upon it by the fleet and by land forces, under General Granger, who was operating in its rear, was ordered to take place on the 17th ult. The garrison had destroyed all the outbuildings and manifested a determination to hold out to the last. The fort is known to be well garrisoned and provisioned.

GENERAL NEWS.

In the north-west the Indians are again making themselves troublesome. They have murdered many settlers in Kansas, destroyed the crops, and stolen the cattle. In that sparsely-populated and much-exposed State the panic was universal, and the inhabitants were fleeing to the towns for protection against their ruthless foes.

General Banks issued an order at New Orleans on the 2nd ult., enlisting into the Federal service all able-bodied negroes in that department between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, the men to be mustered into the field at once in the existing coloured regiment. On the 30th of July General Canby issued an order enrolling all citizens in the militia, expelling the families of those in the Confederate service; all, however, who were liable to do military duty being kept within the Federal lines. All foreigners claiming to be neutrals were ordered to be enlisted as policemen. It was announced that the Confederates in strong force were within seven miles of New Orleans, having intrenched themselves outside of Algiers with a view of making that place a base for offensive operations.

General Sherman had addressed a letter to the Massachusetts recruiting agents deprecating the recruiting of negroes in his department to fill the quota of that State. The General declares that the negro is not equal to the white man in the field, and that he prefers to employ him only as a teamster, or in some such capacity.

North Carolina advices mention the shooting of seven Federal soldiers at Newburn for attempting to desert to the enemy.

THE PEACE MOVEMENT IN THE NORTH.

A growing desire for peace seems to be developing itself in the Northern States, especially in New York; and the following extract from an article in the *New York Herald* is significant, as that journal has the reputation of being extremely sagacious in discovering the bent of public opinion and prompt in throwing itself into the prevailing current:—

In the present state of affairs, if we can do nothing more, it is all important to the safety of the country and the Administration that we should place the leaders of the rebellion clearly in the wrong before their own people and the civilised world, and the Government as clearly in the right before all the people of the loyal States in the further prosecution of this dreadful war. We can do this through a special embassy of three peace commissioners to Richmond, if we can do no more. We believe, however, that through a movement of this kind, comprehending an armistice of six months, and a convention of all the States, subject to such conditions and ratifications as may be hereafter agreed upon, we can secure a permanent peace upon the basis of the Union and the Constitution. Let us suppose, for instance, that Mr. Lincoln, assuming this responsibility for the sake of peace and "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind," has detailed three peace commissioners to Richmond with these simple propositions:—First, for an armistice for six months; and, second, for a convention of all the States, to consist of one delegate from each Congressional district, and two additional delegates at large from each State; and that said convention, thus constituted, shall meet, say in Baltimore, on the first Monday in December next, to consider the ways and means for peace—could anything, in any event, but the greatest advantages result to the Union side of the house? No. Rejected or accepted, the loyal States and the Government have everything to gain and nothing to lose in this undertaking. If Jeff Davis, his Cabinet, and Congress accept the armistice and the convention, we shall still retain under the first our blockade and all the forts and places wrested from the enemy and now held by our land and naval forces; and, if the convention shall come to nothing, we shall be in a position to resume the war with all, and more than all, the advantages which we now command. But we have great faith in the opinion that the representatives of the rebellious States, in being brought into familiar council with those of the loyal States, where they will be relieved of the despotic authority of Davis, will be so charmed with the suspension of the war that they will find a treaty of peace and re-union, satisfactory to the North and to the South, an easy achievement. It is probable that Davis may reject the convention; it is possible that he may reject the armistice, or compel its acceptance with preposterous conditions of Southern independence; but the overtures suggested will compel him to show his hand, and, if he shall flatly refuse to listen to any propositions of peace except upon the basis of a Southern Confederacy, all doubts, all divisions, all discords among the people of the loyal States will be at an end. The Copperhead peace faction will be disarmed and powerless for further mischief, the North will be united, and divisions and dissensions will break out in the South. Let it be made to appear to those people, in their present crippled, exhausted, and desperate position, under Jeff Davis, that the Government does not seek their subjugation to an abolition idea, or their destruction, but their reclamation and salvation in the Union, and President Lincoln will soon realise the immense advantages of this peace movement. It will serve the country and make sure his re-election, accepted or rejected at Richmond; but, short of some concession to public opinion, he may now even read the handwriting upon the wall. Surely, after having been so far led astray and betrayed, as Mr. Lincoln has been, by such treacherous guides as Ben Wade and Winter Davis, he must now be in a frame of mind to listen to good advice.

A great peace convention was held at Syracuse, in New York State. Addresses were delivered by Vallandigham, Fernando Wood, and others. The resolutions denounced Mr. Lincoln, and appealed to the people to unite in efforts to bring about an armistice and a convention of the States. The increasing desire for peace is unmistakably indicated in the tone of the Northern press. The Administration and the War Democratic journals discuss with serious deliberation the recent peace conventions and the semi-official conference at Niagara. The peace journals predict confidently that the peace delegates will control the Chicago convention. It is even rumoured that powerful influences are being exerted to induce the Administration at Washington to offer an armistice of three or six months, to afford an opportunity for negotiations.

A NEW CONFEDERATE CRUISER.

A new Confederate cruiser, known as the Tallahassee, commanded by John Taylor Wood, has made her appearance off New York, burning and destroying large numbers of vessels.

The following is the description of the Tallahassee published in the *New York papers*:—

The privateer Tallahassee is an iron steamer, painted white, with two smokestacks, two screws, about 230 ft. in length, 20 ft. beam, and draws about nine feet of water. Her hull is marked "Tallahassee, of London, 1864." Engine marked "J. and W. Dudgeon, London." She is fore-and-aft schooner-rigged, mounts three guns, one small one on the topgallant forecastle, a long 32-pounder amidships, and a 24-pounder aft. She carries four waist-boats. Her crew consists of about 127 persons, including the officers. Men of all nationalities are represented on board, most of whom are said to be soldiers from Lee's army. She is said to have run out of Wilmington about six days ago, without having been seen by any of Admiral Lee's blockaders. She has quite a quantity of cotton on board to protect her boilers, and there are four barrels of turpentine on deck to be used in firing vessels. She is commanded by John Taylor Wood, C.S.N. The surgeon, Sheppardson, says he is one of the Chesapeake pirates. A Mr. Hall is the boarding officer. The crew are dressed in rags and tatters. Some of them wear their pistols tied to them with Manila rope yarns. They are a hard-looking set. The chief engineer says he is a Boston man, or that he was born and brought up in that city. The last seen of the privateer she was steering south-east, with the pilot-boat James Funk in tow as a tender. All the officers and crews of the vessels captured by the privateer were paroled, and signed a document promising not to take up arms against the rebels until regularly exchanged.

After destroying some twenty-five vessels off the coast of Maine and six off Cape Sable, the Tallahassee put into Halifax, where she took on board 300 tons of coal, when she was ordered by Admiral Hope to leave the port, and immediately started out to sea.

HARVEST PROSPECTS.

SUSSEX.—Harvest operations throughout the county of Sussex are now rapidly drawing to a close, and it is anticipated that in a few days longer the whole of the crops will have been securely garnered. The hay crop was scarcely an average one, owing to the long continued drought, and the price of this commodity is on the rise, with the prospect of still higher figures as winter approaches. The great bulk of the wheat crop has now been safely housed, and where thrashing has taken place it has proved of excellent quality, having in several instances produced 64 lb. per bushel, with a yield of ten sacks per acre. On the whole it is considered that there will be more than a full average crop of this particular grain. Barley has not been very extensively cultivated in Sussex of late years, but that sown on the best lands is highly spoken of, and likely to turn out well. Oats are rather an uneven crop, those early sown promising well; whereas those put into the soil late are rather short in straw, thin, and of light quality. The quality of the potatoes generally is good, although the bulbs, owing to the want of moisture, are unusually small. The late rains have effected a wonderful improvement in cereals of all descriptions, which now look fresh and promising, although in some quarters the rains have come too late to be of much service. The prospects of sheep feed during the winter are much more encouraging than they were a few weeks ago; and, should genial weather be now experienced, with a mild autumn, ample provision may yet be obtained for the ensuing winter and spring—the earth, from the long-continued drought, being in a condition to ensure quick vegetation.

YORKSHIRE.—In the North and East Ridings, during the past week, the progress of harvest work has been rapid. There has been very little interruption from the weather, only a trifling shower or two having fallen. Wherever it has been practicable the fields have been cleared; and a journey through the district now shows new wheat-stacks more frequent than is generally supposed. As more acquaintance is being made by farmers with the actual character of the crops, there are very few of them who now grumble about deficiency, but, as a rule, they admit the wheat to be an average crop. Barley, on all hands, is stated to be of the best. Oats, however, are generally reported light. Potatoes are small. The turnips have made no progress, and the deficient crop is a great cause of anxiety, upon sheep-farms especially. One wold farmer has not an acre left out of ninety—all are killed by the drought. The pastures are so brown and burnt up that at a distance they can with difficulty be distinguished from the corn stubbles. The want of water necessitates leading from the rivers for stock, and new oats are being used as fodder for cattle in some places.

THE EARLY DAYS OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING.—At the dinner given to celebrate the opening of the Eccles, Tyldesley, and Wigan Railway, last week, Mr. Oliver Heywood, in proposing "The Landowners," said, "he remembered travelling by rail when passengers had to give their names and spell them, in order to their being written on a large green paper ticket; when between Liverpool and Manchester there was a long stay at Newton, in order that passengers might refresh themselves with Eccles cakes (laughter). A 'guide' to the line to London cost 5s., and there was a cheap edition at 2s. 6d. The former told the number of bricks in the Kilsby and Watford tunnels, and how they were forced on the company by the landowners of the neighbourhood. Now, landowners knew their interests to be identical with the railway companies. He had heard that the London and North-Western company carried into London daily two tons of watercresses and a ton of mushrooms."

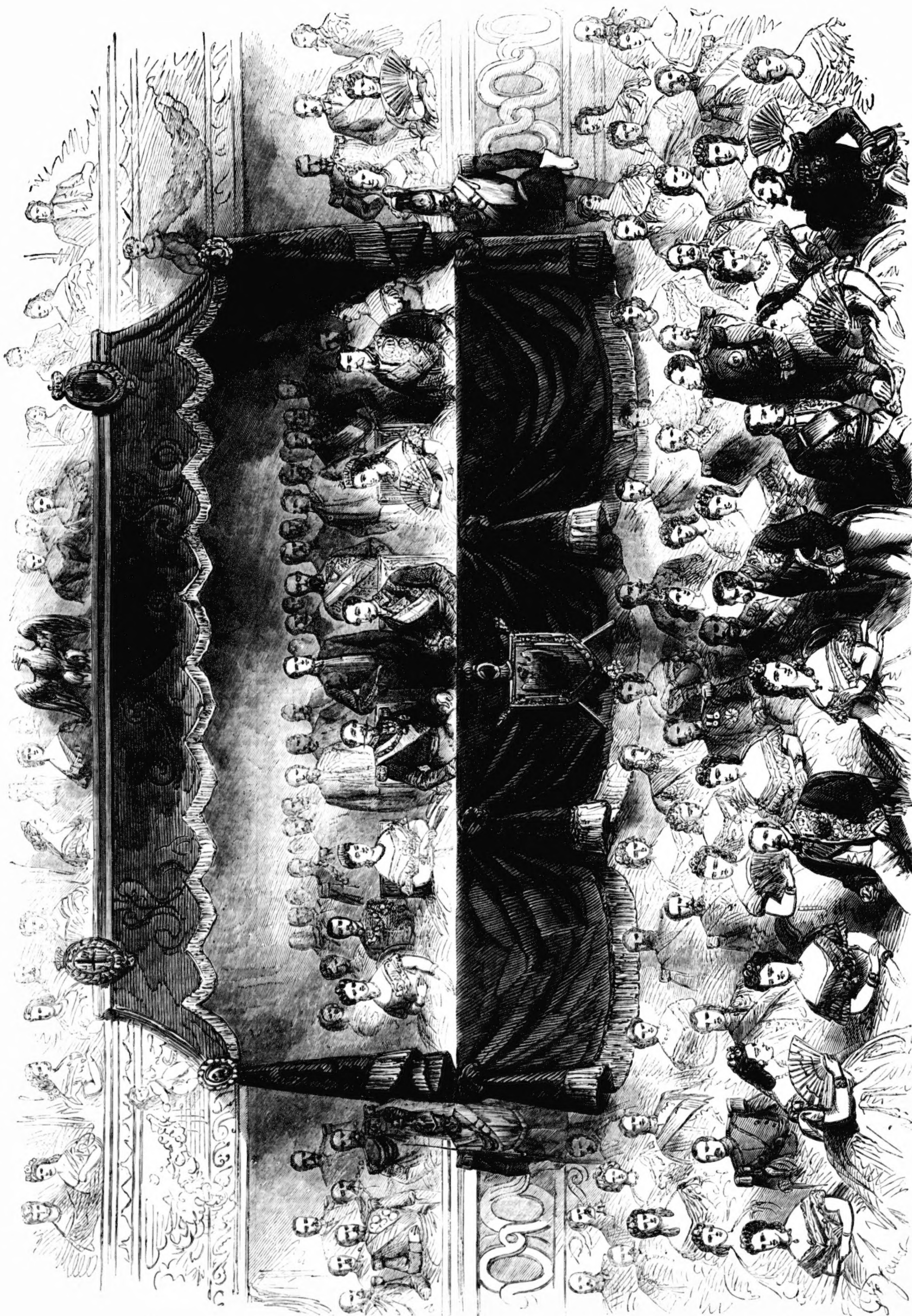
SQUABBLES IN MR. LINCOLN'S CABINET.—The fighting and squabbling in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet have become a national scandal. It is known that the members of "the happy family," as they are ironically termed, scarcely ever speak to each other, even in Cabinet Council. The convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln for a second term gave him to understand that it wished Mr. Blair and Mr. Seward to be removed from office, and other and more popular men put in their places. Mr. Lincoln, however, chooses to retain Mr. Blair, despite the wishes and expectations of his own party friends, and is rather disposed that the other wing of his administration (that following Stanton) should give place to the Seward clique, all of whom are friends to Blair. The rumpus in the Cabinet has reached the public ear, but the squabbles there are so monstrous that the *New York papers* dare not publish an account of them. It is no uncommon thing for Mr. Stanton, who is a man of the most vile passions, to hurl inkstands and spittoons at the Postmaster-General (Mr. Blair). Mr. Seward, whose unhappy tastes have now entirely mastered him, looks on at these disgraceful scenes with maudlin gravity, while "honest old Abe" makes them the occasion for fresh witticisms, or illustrates them by his Aristophanic anecdotes. Our better classes here are fully aware of these humiliating occurrences, and Englishmen can realise how keenly educated Americans feel the disgrace of being ruled by buffoons and drunkards.—*Letter from New York.*

THE KING OF SPAIN IN PARIS.

THE festivities in Paris in honour of the King Consort of Spain were of the most gorgeous description. On the evening of Thursday, the 18th ult., there was a gala representation at the Grand Opéra, which was a most brilliant affair. The house had been especially prepared for the reception of so much Royalty. The Imperial box was placed in the centre of the theatre, and was richly decorated, whilst the orchestra was set apart for members of the Legislature. The King of Spain wore the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, and the Emperor the Golden Fleece. His most Catholic Majesty was placed between the Emperor, who had on his left Princess Mathilde, and the Empress, who had at her right Prince Murat. The Empress wore a tiara of precious stones, and looked remarkably well. All the occupants of the Imperial box seemed to take a lively interest in the performances.

On Friday, the 19th, the fêtes were troubled by bad weather; rain, not heavy but continuous, succeeded to a stifling heat, and the troops marched out in the wet to the Champ de Mars. In spite of this unusual drawback all Paris flocked out to the review, and at an early hour possession was taken of every available spot whence the proceedings could be witnessed. At two o'clock the troops took up the positions assigned to them. The first corps d'armée was placed under the command of General Ulrich. The line was formed up in twenty close columns of division, the National Guard in ten columns, and the Imperial Guard and the infantry of the 1st Corps in five columns each. Besides these troops were cavalry of the guard and of the line, artillery, engineers, military train, pontooners, the guard of Paris, and sapeurs-pompiers, or battalions of firemen. The number of men present was 50,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry and artillery, and 108 guns. The Emperor and King of Spain arrived from St. Cloud in a carriage and four, at three o'clock; they then mounted on horseback, and made their entry into the Champ de Mars, followed by a numerous escort. The Empress, in spite of the rain, followed the cortège in an open carriage. The Prince Imperial, in the uniform of the Grenadiers, rode alongside his father.

On Saturday, the 20th, there was a grand display of the water-works at Versailles, a banquet in the afternoon, and a representation at the theatre, and fireworks and illuminations in the evening. This last-mentioned display alone is estimated to have cost 300,000 fr., or £12,000 sterling—certainly a costly treat to see before even a King. But they do all these things on a grand scale in France.



THE KING OF SPAIN'S VISIT TO PARIS: THE STATE BOX ON THE OCCASION OF THE PERFORMANCES AT THE GRAND OPERA.



LUDWIG II, KING OF BAVARIA.

EMPERESS OF RUSSIA.

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

EMPERESS OF AUSTRIA.

DUKE MAXIMILIAN OF BAVARIA.

IMPERIAL AND ROYAL VISITORS AT NISTNITZ.

THE SEASON AT KISSINGEN.

THE fashionable world remains faithful to the watering-places where the questionable advantages to be derived from indulgence in mineral springs has, perhaps, less to do with the success of the kursorials than the still more questionable excitement of the green baize-covered tables which add so considerably to Imperial-Ducal or Grand-Ducal revenues. Whatever may be the complaints from other Continental cities and towns where wealthy tourists were wont to congregate, the spas are as full as ever. Baden is in full swing; Ems enlarges its borders, as it has already enlarged its great hall and its tropical garden; and Wiesbaden and the rest have no cause to complain of the number of visitors who daily tramp the slow round of fashionable amusement and relieve its tedium by resorting nightly to the alternate contemplation of the black and red. It is at Kissingen, however, that the very cream of Continental society has been collected, and there have been few years when even that aristocratic old watering-place has numbered at the same time so many distinguished visitors. To call it old in any but a respectful sense and with regard to its family pretensions, would, perhaps, be an unpardonable rudeness, for the old walled town, with its picturesque towers, has been to a great extent superseded by its present representative—of modern houses, fine streets, and trim pleasure-gardens, dating mostly from the sinking of the artesian well from which the brine-spring is derived. This brine-spring, which is situated at the salt works a little way to the north up the valley of the Saale, is one of the great sights of Kissingen, and attracts a great many people who visit the town for the first time, and therefore hasten to see the saline stream ebbing and flowing through the shaft which conveys it to the surface, along with stifling gusts of carbonic acid gas, there to be taken to the evaporating houses. For those who desire brine baths the stream is also available, for all sorts of bathing may be had at Kissingen—at the hotels, the houses of the physicians, and at the public establishment. Of the five mineral springs producing that true chalybeate—so disrespectfully referred to by Mr. Samuel Weller in his visit to Bath—the Ragozzi furnishes the water used for drinking, the Pandur Brunnen that devoted to the baths; while the Max Brunnen, an acidulous and alkaline beverage resembling seltzer water, is used for more direct medicinal purposes. It would be difficult to say how many bottles of water are annually exported, something like half a million, however, which shows that, at all events, a goodly number of people believe in its efficacy. There are other springs, however, all round Kissingen, and notably those of Brooklet, where the water is said to be powerfully tonic, and where living is cheaper than at the fashionable town. Only eighteen miles off lies Brückenau, the great rival of Kissingen, whose scenery is certainly more picturesque and whose streets and public buildings are more magnificent. Here the late King of Bavaria used to take his family every season to the baths, which are represented by a group of houses in the midst of a forest of beeches, and surrounding a beautiful plantation garden. The new kursaal, built by the late King, is perhaps superior to that of any other spa in Europe, and altogether Brückenau must still retain its pre-eminence for fine buildings and for the delightful scenery of its hills. This may well be so, however, for until the last few years Kissingen was but an insignificant village, the seat of the salt works, and utterly neglected in favour of its more fortunate neighbours. It began with a few decent lodging-houses, a couple of hotels, and a very modest kursaal, and would have remained a humdrum, fifth-rate watering-place but that Royal patronage was extended to it, and the King substituted for the old, shabby building a new colonnade of fine architectural proportions and a new conversation-house. The impetus once given, the little, neglected place began to expand into a fine and stately town, the resort of numerous distinguished visitors, and notably of the Russians, who are perhaps the best customers to all the German watering-places. At the present day but few vestiges of the ancient, or even of the comparatively modern, streets are left; while broad thoroughfares, splendid hotels, and fine mansions have replaced the unpretending tenements formerly sufficient for the accommodation of visitors. From this season of 1864 another era may be said to have commenced for it, since Kissingen is the third place in Europe where the crowned heads may be said to be put together, nobody knowing what may come of it.

In Paris, the French Emperor entertains with impressive magnificence, first, the King of Belgium, and, secondly, the titular Monarch of Spain. In Vienna, Mercy and Truth have kissed each other in the persons of the gentle King of Prussia and the liberal Master of Austria; and at Kissingen may have been seen, a few days ago, a quiet family-party, consisting of the new King of Bavaria, Ludwig II., the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the Empress of Austria, and Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, the head of that house formerly represented by the Palatine-Princes of Deux-Ponts-Birkenfeld. One incident occurred to the Czar during his stay which will, we hope, lead him to remember, with mingled sensations of pain and pleasure, his sojourn in that delightful retreat.

A student at Warsaw, a mere youth of nineteen, named Paul Landowski, was tried and sentenced to death on the 10th of August in the unenviable capacity of *chef de tous les gendarmes pendus de la Pologne*. When men of riper age had been all arrested, abducted, and otherwise disposed of, on the mere suspicion of holding a place in the great league, the game, we know, was taken up by boys, and, as now appears, played manfully out by them to the end. Still, Mr. Landowski had been entrusted long enough with the executioner's seals to order sundry bombs and pistols to be aimed at General Berg—an onslaught which preceded the very last stage of the rebellion. He is, however, indebted to the courage and moving eloquence of his mother for the reprieve he eventually obtained. On the 17th ult. he was led out with two associates of inferior dignity to undergo capital punishment on the glacis of Warsaw citadel. One of the unfortunate trio, a man notorious for having cut off and eaten the ears of one of his victims, was already dangling from the gallows. The two others were being kept ready under the fatal beam. They were dressed in the penitent's shroud, were barefooted, bareheaded, and had the halter artistically arranged around their devoted necks. At this awful moment a Cossack was seen galloping up, waving a paper in his hand. It was the reprieve, announced in the old style of cruel leniency. But the arrangement proved a grand success. The unexpected, unhopd for, undreamt of clemency affected all present, the more powerfully for its proclamation *en coup de théâtre*. Many cried, all were moved and inspired with a sort of gratitude to the Czar. The mother of young Landowski, it appears, who could never have hoped to obtain access to the Emperor at home, had illegally passed the frontier, and, following his Majesty to Kissingen, threw herself at his feet in the public grounds, in sight of all the elegant and fashionable world crowding round the distinguished visitor. The Czar raised her graciously, and accorded the prayer at once. Even the Russian soldiers who had been commanded to attend the execution joined in the cry when they found that the miserable ceremony was to be over with one instead of three. For a moment there was a relaxation in the usual street discipline of Warsaw. The people were allowed to press near the gallows, and as the prisoners walked down from the rising ground on which the scaffold was erected, they were shaken by the hand and offered cigars by many of the crowd. With twenty years of Siberia before them, they did not object to receive the fragrant comforters even a moment after salvation from death.

DISCOVERY OF A VALUABLE WORK OF ART.—A singular discovery of a work of art has just been made at Lucerne. In stripping the old wood-work from an apartment in the house known as the Corraioni d'Orelli a ceiling richly sculptured was brought to light, with fresco paintings representing the Annunciation, the Resurrection, and the Ascension, a St. John the Baptist, St. Roch, a Bishop turning a spit on which his bowels are entwined, and another consecrating a chalice, on which may be distinguished a spider. These paintings bear the date of 1523, and as Hans Holbein decorated other houses in Lucerne about that period, many artists are of opinion that these paintings may be attributed to him.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.

CRIMINAL LITERATURE.

It is one of the most frequent incidents of civilised social life, one of the most annoying to optimists and one of the most diverting to satirists, that just as we pride ourselves most upon what is termed progress we are always reminded that we have, in some important respect, no cause for self-exaltation above our ancestors. Who does not recollect the chantings of the popular educationists, in high glorification, just before the collapse of the metropolitan literary institutions, the triumph of the democrats immediately preceding the "reactions," and the pæans of the peacemongers just previously to our drifting into the Crimean War?

The instance upon which we now propose to offer a few comments may appear scarcely so important as others which we have named, or which may occur to the reflecting reader. But it nevertheless possesses an influence of which the results daily manifest themselves in our streets and in our criminal courts. It has already been observed, in Mr. Henry Mayhew's "London Labour and the London Poor," that we possess a literature expressly dedicated to and supported by thieves. The fact is strange enough; but any observer may convince himself of its truth by investigation of the windows of the periodical-shops in our poorer districts. A poor half dozen of famous highwaymen, burglars, or pick-pockets—Duval, Turpin, Barrington, Sheppard, King, and Blueskin, form the heroes of an ever-changing, never-ending, series of achievements in which the largest amount of fictitious adventure is blended with the smallest quantity of fact. Truth, the ordinary charms of local colour, of the agreements of time, costume, and history, are all cast aside in the penny weekly serial addressed to errand-boys, servant-girls, and thieves. Are the books, then, stupid or ill-written? Certainly not, if their object be held in view. In construction, in change and variety of incident, in sustained interest, these wretched pennyworths might place at a considerable disadvantage more pretentious productions of which the authors have been fettered by the probabilities. The works of which we speak have no critics. The fashionable novelist, who should commit an anachronism of a hundred years in time or costume, who should mistake the law of the land, or exceed the bounds of possibility in the exploits of his hero, would fall beneath the ridicule of a hundred years. It is not thus with the author of a thieves' romance in penny numbers. He may take what liberties he pleases with the intelligence of his audience, and, so long as he can only amuse them, he may, unchecked, be permitted to lead them to the gaol and the penal settlement.

That this is done frequently there can be no reasonable doubt. The results are to be seen in the daily newspapers. Only this week a wretched boy of thirteen, charged at a police court with having stolen a cashbox, told the constable that he had done so because he "wanted to be a Jack Sheppard." And this is but one case out of many that could be cited.

For works thus out of all pale of literary censorship, yet silently and vigorously demoralising the youth of our lower orders, what remedy is to be applied? Philanthropists and pietists set about the work after a fashion of their own. The one class publishes tracts containing about one fourth of readable matter, with a residuum of that kind of reading which, as Mr. Charles Dickens puts it, could not have been perused by Robinson Crusoe if he had had none else on the island. The other fondly hopes to enlist the sympathies of growing boys in scientific pursuits by publishing illustrated descriptions of the tom-cat (*felis domesticus*, LINN.), with elaborate diagrams of watchmaking and dyeworks, and familiar explications of the differential calculus.

What is to be done? A censorship of the press is scarcely to be thought of; but laws against immoral publications are yet in force, and surely it is as bad to train and encourage the youthful ignorant mind into acts of theft, violence, and lawlessness, as into any other kind of offence against manners. Still, after all, the best way of dealing with bad works is to beat them out of the field with good ones. It is useless to doubt, to explain, or to lament the fact that there is, to most minds, an irresistible charm in fiction, especially when the story relates to hair-breadth ventures and escapes from death. It is, nevertheless, sad to see that, after nearly two centuries of literary freedom, our moral literature has not yet reached the classes who most require it, and that these still satiate themselves with a class of reading to which the catchpenny ghost-stories, chap-books, and false "dying speeches" of our great grandfathers' days were harmless in comparison.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES were to leave Abergeldie Castle to-day (Saturday) for Dundee, where they would embark for their Danish trip the same afternoon.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS LOUIS OF HESSE left London for the Continent on Saturday. They embarked at Gravesend.

THE KING OF ITALY, on Tuesday, officially received the Envoy of the Emperor of Mexico at Turin. The usual compliments were passed, and good wishes mutually expressed.

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE HUMBERT with Princess Anna Murat having fallen through, Copenhagen claims the honour of being future Queen of Italy for Marie-Dagmar, second daughter of King Christian. This Princess was born on the 26th of December, 1847.

LADY LYNCHURST has had a residence assigned to her for life at Hampton Court Palace.

MR. JUSTICE WILLIAMS, who is still at Exeter, is very much improved in health.

THE PALACE OF THE DUKE OF ALTENBURG, in the town of Altenburg, was almost destroyed by fire on Wednesday, the 24th ult.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will visit Liverpool, his native place, on the 10th of October, by invitation of the Mayor.

THE LOUISA BRIG, of Singapore, from Hong-Kong, with a general cargo, was captured by pirates about the end of May, and burnt.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE has experienced a considerable improvement in his health since his arrival at Castle Howard.

THERE ARE NOW EXTENSIVE BREWERIES in all the cities and inland towns of Australia.

A REPORTER'S PEW has been provided at one of the London churches where fashionable weddings are celebrated.

A SUN-FISH, 5 ft. long and 3 ft. wide, was captured a few days ago, in Mount's Bay, Penzance, by a party of gentlemen in a yacht.

A NEW BRIDGE ACROSS THE IRWELL, affording another means of communication between Manchester and Salford, has been opened.

THREE LADIES RECENTLY FELL OUT OF A BOAT into the river Ouse, in Buckinghamshire, and were saved by being buoyed up by their crinolines.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY have given a prize of £50 to be shot for at the next meeting of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon.

THE RESIDENT PENSIONERS OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL are no longer to be condemned to lead a monastic life, but are in future to be allowed to have their wives with them.

THE TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENT IN INDIA is about having its efficiency increased in a way which is novel, at all events in India. Nine hundred and seven female employees are going there to take charge of the wires.

SOME OF THE SPANISH JOURNALS have the coolness to recommend the Government to erect straightway a fortress in the Chincha Islands, on the ground that these islands are the legitimate property of Spain.

PUNISHMENT BY WHIPPING is on the increase. Last year the number of prisoners flogged was 388.

THE ROSSINI MONUMENT has just been inaugurated at Pesaro, the birth-place of the great composer. The Minister of the Interior presided at the ceremony, and delivered a telling speech, which was received with great applause.

MRS. ELIZA HILL died at the Wootton Almshouse lately, aged 104. A few years ago her husband died at the age of 100 years. Mrs. Hill retained her faculties, with the exception of sight, up to the last; but twelve months ago she could both sew and read.

AN OPEN SWIMMING-RACE for the Two-mile Champion's Cup will take place in the Thames from Hammersmith to Putney, next Monday evening. The prize will be presented to the winner the following evening at an aquatic entertainment to be given by the London Swimming Club at the Metropolitan Baths, Ashley-crescent, City-road.

THE ANNUAL ASSEMBLING OF THE DEESIDE AND DONDSIDE HIGHLANDERS for competition in trials of strength and agility was held at the old place, Mar Castle, on Thursday. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with several members of the Royal family from Balmoral, were present.

THE SLAVE TRADE has been carried on very briskly for some time past by means of steamers of such a class that our cruisers have no chance of catching them. One steamer, of about 900 tons, has got away three times, each time well laden with negroes. The barracoons are full.

A PIECE OF ICE was taken from an iron sheep trough at Kidlington, near Oxford, on the morning of the 25th ult., which, after being carried half a mile, measured twelve inches in length and was as thick as common window glass. The next morning ice was taken from the bottom of a punt on the river Isis, near Medley Lock, Oxford, as thick as a sixpence.

THE REV. JOHN SKINNER, author of "Tulluchgorum" and other popular Scottish songs, having given a gratuity to a beggar woman, the latter, by way of thanks, said to him, "Oh, Sir! I hope that ye and a' your family will be in heaven the nicht." "Well," said Skinner, "I am very much obliged to you, only you need not have just been so particular as to the time."

PRINCE COUZA, the ruler of the Danubian Principalities, has decreed the abolition of compulsory labour and the granting of permission to the peasants to become landed proprietors, upon the payment of an indemnity to the landowners.

THE BELLS forming the chimes of Santiago Church, Chill, the scene of the late disastrous catastrophe, have been brought over to this country for the purpose of being recast. These bells, thirty-three in number, are each named after some particular saint, and are profusely embellished with rich ornamentation.

THE COLOSSEUM, Regent's Park, is about to be pulled down. The necessary sanction from the Crown has been obtained for the alterations, which will take the form of an elegant crescent on the Regent's Park side, and a pantheoon—or warehouse for storing goods—on the Albany-street side.

THE MEMBERS OF THE VARIOUS CHOIRS in the metropolis, under the auspices of the Tonic Sol-fa Association, were brought together in the Crystal Palace on Wednesday. Upwards of 6000 chorists occupied the Handel Orchestra, and sang most charmingly a variety of pieces, sacred and secular. Notwithstanding that the morning was very wet, upwards of 24,000 visitors entered the palace.

BOTH THE COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF of the confronting armies at Atlanta, Hood and Sherman, have left a leg on the battle-field. General Sherman has, however, physically an advantage over his opponent in the use of both arms, while General Hood has only a stump in the place of one of his. General Sherman lost his leg in the repulse from Port Hudson, General Hood his in the victory of Chickamauga.

THE CITY OF MECCA is NOW RAVAGED BY TYPHUS FEVER, which every day makes numerous victims. The malady was brought there by the pilgrims who had come to visit the tomb of the Prophet. The Governor-General of the province has left the city with the authorities and principal inhabitants, and taken refuge at Saref.

A BRONZE STATUE OF THE LATE JOSEPH LOCKE, the eminent civil engineer, is about to be placed in the Locke Park, Barnsley. This park was some time since presented to the inhabitants by Mrs. Locke, in remembrance of her husband's early connection with the town, and the deep interest he took in all that related to its progress and prosperity. The statue, which is by Baron Marochetti, is expected to be fixed on its pedestal of granite in about a month.

THREE SISTERS, whose united ages fall but seventeen years short of three centuries, are at present residing in the same mansion in Cardiganshire. The sisters have reached the respective ages of ninety-two, ninety-four, and ninety-seven years, and are one and all in the enjoyment of good health and unimpaired faculties. Even the oldest of the three is able at present to dispense with the use of spectacles in reading—a circumstance almost unprecedented at such ripe age.

THE CONDUCTOR OF A RICHMOND OMNIBUS, it is said, is a young man of high social position, who from some unexplained circumstance has taken to the road. Be it as that may, it is quite clear that the report has got widely circulated, the omnibus being much patronised by romantic young ladies, and to see them looking out for a "bus" is a little curious. The competition for a seat is great.

A FORTUNE-TELLING JEW AT ROME had frequently deluded a farmer into the belief that certain lottery-tickets would turn up prizes, but in every instance his predictions proved false. The farmer, determined on revenge, invited him to his house, persuaded him to go into a cellar, locked him up, and kept him there for three months on very short commons.

A MAN WITH A GLASS EYE recently fell into the clutches of a substitute broker at Boston, U.S., who enlisted him, and he was sent to the army. There he soon lost his eye again, or rather removed it and put it into his pocket and obtained his discharge. This process he several times repeated, and, when unable to get his discharge, deserted. Unfortunately thirteen proved an unlucky number for him, and the trick being discovered, he was tried and sentenced to be shot.

A Bust of VICTOR HUGO has just been completed by a French sculptor, M. Lebeuf. The Minister of the Interior has decided that it may be sold without perilling the safety of the State, "provided it be not exposed in any position where the public might see it from the outside of the shop." Photographs of Victor Hugo may be seen in every window, but it seems that his features in plaster would be dangerous.

TWO BOYS, the eldest aged nine years, sons of Colonel Munro, of Maldone, were bathing at Herne Bay when they saw a man drowning. The eldest boy bravely rushed into the water and swam to his assistance. The man immediately caught at him, and both would have been involved in the same destruction had not the child had the presence of mind to dive, and thus escape his grasp; then, approaching more cautiously, he dextrously seized him by the arm and dragged him ashore.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE following paragraph lately appeared in the *Montrose Review*:—"We learn from a quarter quite reliable that the Earl of Airlie, who has gone to the United States, carries with him the views of the Government on the present aspect of affairs, and will offer himself to the Confederacy as a medium of communication with the British Government." Now, this is rather a mysterious announcement. At first sight it would seem that the noble Earl is gone to the United States accredited by the British Government to open a communication between said Government and the Confederate States. But this cannot be the writer's meaning, or, if it be, his "reliable quarter" has misled him. The British Government has not recognised the Confederacy, and can, therefore, hold no diplomatic communication with it. Besides, if the British Government had recognised the Confederacy, the Earl of Airlie—as I could show if it were worth while—would hardly be chosen as our representative at Richmond. We may decide, then, that the Earl of Airlie's mission to the Confederacy—if he be gone on such a mission—is not, directly or indirectly, sanctioned by the British Government. "Well," perhaps the writer may say, but he "carries with him the views of the Government on the present aspect of affairs," if he be not a regularly accredited agent of the Government, and he may have received permission to make them known to President Davis. But this is sheer nonsense. The phrase "views of the British Government," translated into constitutional language, means the decision of the Cabinet; and we may depend upon it that the Cabinet has come to no decision upon the subject. What, then, is the meaning of the paragraph? What has the Earl of Airlie gone to do? Well, I suspect, the "reliable quarter" of the *Montrose Review* notwithstanding, that his Lordship has gone to the United States as other private gentlemen go, and with no intention whatever of interfering in this disastrous quarrel. We, who have to hunt up and verify news, know too well the value of "reliable quarters." But, if his Lordship be gone with the intention to attempt to mediate between the North and the South, we may be sure that he is gone *ex mero motu*, and with no commission, or instruction, or hint from the Government.

And, now I am on this subject, a word or two on the probability of the cessation of hostilities on account of the exhaustion of the finances of the belligerents. I have lately travelled a good deal, and, from conversation held in railway carriages and on roads with my fellow-travellers, I have discovered that an opinion generally prevails that the war cannot last much longer because the two parties will be utterly unable to find money to carry it on. This opinion I believe to be an utter fallacy. William Pitt, so early as 1794, asserted in the House of Commons that the French must soon sue for peace because their finances were exhausted. Here is a passage from Massey's "History of England" upon this subject which is worth quoting:—"But the main argument [for carrying on the war] on which he (Pitt) relied, and in which he seems to have had entire faith, was the inability of the French to maintain a protracted war by reason of their financial difficulties. He laid it down as an invariable principle that all modern warfare was carried on by money, and he had only, therefore, to demonstrate that France was in a state of bankruptcy, and that she had now arrived at her last resources. Under the system of terror the French Government had been enabled to resort to the extremity of the maximum. The Reign of Terror had ceased, never to be revived; the law of the maximum was already obsolete; the paper currency was at a discount of seventy-five per cent, and therefore the revolutionary wars were approaching their termination." This was the augury of Pitt in 1794, and how was it fulfilled? The war lasted, with little intermission, twenty years after this prophecy was uttered. Long before Pitt died he had to give up his exhaustion theory, and we may as well at once give up ours.

But, it may be asked—if the money should not be exhausted—surely the people will soon get tired of the war? I am not so sure of that. Civil wars are always long wars, and always very bitter. Besides, it must be remembered that the stakes at issue in this war are tremendous. Foolish people, who neither read nor think, are often heard saying that the North and South are fighting for nothing. History, however, when she comes, some half century hence, to speak of the causes of this war will have a very different tale to tell. The explosive materials which ignited between three and four years ago have been accumulating ever since the separation from England took place; and I do not believe that the conflagration will burn out yet. At all events, we may be sure that it will not be quenched by amateur firemen like the Earl of Airlie.

Meanwhile, it is gratifying to learn that out of evil good will be educes, in this case as in others. We shall get good, if no one else does. We shall be no longer dependent upon America for cotton. I learn, from conversation had with certain friends in the cotton-manufacturing districts, that cotton is now coming in with ever-increasing abundance from all the regions of the earth; and the question now is, not so much where shall we get our cotton from, as how shall we obtain hands; or, in other words, scarcity of labour, and not scarcity of material, is the difficulty which the manufacturers will have to meet. The "hands" have vanished. Some have emigrated; others, especially the women, have betaken themselves to other employments; and many mills are working only partially, not for want of cotton, but because hands are not to be had. This evil will, of course, be remedied in time, but it will take time to get it remedied.

The presentation fund to Colonel McMurdo is, I believe, prospering. The list of names of the noble and gallant volunteers who have promised their co-operation is an imposing one. The Dukes of Wellington and Manchester, Earl Grosvenor and the Earl of Lichfield, Viscount Ranelagh, my Lords Colville and Elcho, Lieutenant-Colonels Ackland, Corrie, Hughes, Lloyd, Wright, and the crack shot, Captain Horatio Ross, are among them; and the officer whom Sir Charles Napier considered "too fond of personal combat" will doubtless be gratified with so direct a proof of his personal popularity.

We had an elopement in London last week. A young lady of eighteen summers (I like the word summers applied to a young lady, it has a smack of poetry, and is so infinitely preferable to "years of age") has eloped with an Italian music-master. Following the example of "fair Jessica," the fugitive took with her the whole of her valuable jewels; nor can the Italian music-master be accused of any want of prudence in the matter, for the lady, in the course of a few months, will be mistress of £7000 left her by her maternal grandfather. The signor is a lucky man.

While writing of this hasty match, I am reminded of the terrible cases we are constantly reading of the brutality exercised by men of the humbler classes to their unfortunate wives. No doubt the writers of the leaders in the daily papers find a plentiful dearth of subjects at this dead—or, as the *Saturday Review* calls it, "silly"—season; but I was much amused with a few lines I read the other day upon this very disagreeable subject of wife-beating. "Nobody," says the paper, "with a decent house, a decent position in society, and a glimmering of the respect due to women which education enforces, kicks his wife in the stomach." Let us hope not. "He will not," continues the article, "even do it when he is drunk, because the animal in him is chained up by habit." According to this, the educated classes are becoming indeed refined, and civilisation, like science, is a great invention.

We are to have Louis Napoleon's "Life of Cæsar" by the end of the year—that is, the first part. The *Independence Belge* says that each volume is to be sold at the price of 6s. or 8s. When Emperors turn authors literature may be said to be looking up. Why does not one of our fast, speculating firms offer his Imperial Majesty "his own terms" for an authorised translation? But I suppose by this time a dozen have already done so.

And, apropos of books and authors, there was a report, traceable to whom I do not know, that Mr. George Augustus Sala was dead. I have great pleasure in disbelieving the report myself, which I take to be one of those numerous canards that are always flown during the plum season—a canard akin to the black swans, enormous pumpkins, and colossal aerolites that usher in walnuts. The late Charles Mathews, who several times perused circumstantial

accounts of his own decease, used to say that, when a newspaper was "making-up," a printer would shout down the pipe to the editor's room, "Twelve lines wanted to complete the column!" To which the worthy editor would reply, "Kill Mathews!" and that a "stock" paragraph was kept in type ready for the emergency. Mathews would die some day, and therefore it was sure to be useful.

At this season of the year one expects to find doubtful paragraphs in the daily journals. Editors are out of town; subordinates and outsiders kick up their heels. The *Times* copies from the *Morning Post* an alarming account, by a correspondent at Strasburg, of a railway peril. The writer was in a first-class carriage, near the engine. An immense lump of live coke suddenly entered at the window, and set the cushions and trimmings in flames. The writer extinguished this fearful conflagration with "my palette, which *Poole sent me this day week*"—an important fact. His hands were "dreadfully burnt to the bone," and he yet shudders at the contemplation of what might have ensued had the mass fallen into the lap of one of the lovely French girls seated in the carriage. Is not this horrible? An "immense mass" of live coke escaping outwards from the furnace and floating on the wind through an open window, instead of dropping, as might have been expected, were it possible for the immense mass to be disturbed at all. How curious, too, that the cushions and trimmings, usually of incombustible woollen fabric, should so suddenly have broken into flame! But, above all, how consolatory to find that the correspondent whose hands have been burnt to the bone, and whose "shattered nerves have received a shock which, as you know, they are not fitted to endure" (we quote his own words), is yet able to write so ingenious a puff for his tailor!

What has been called a comic-song contest has taken place at one of our concert-rooms. Three gentlemen, two of them well known "on the press," were appointed judges of the relative merits of two comic vocalists. These gentlemen may have been clever in their way; but, upon reading the list of their ten songs, I feel so happy that I was at sea at the time! They sang the burlesque medleys of "Alonso the Brave" and "Ye bad Macbeth," than which two more dreary, pointless, witless compositions never taxed the patience of an audience. Nobody ever laughs at either; but I suppose it is not the custom to laugh at comic songs now. The old comic-singer, whose every line raised a roar, and whose verses were fitted for ladies and gentlemen as well as for the people, is, unhappily, almost extinct. Instead of this we have only the man with the buttoned-up coat, the bad hat, and the vulgarly-suggestive doggerel. From the reports I have read, one of the singers on the occasion referred to was a little above this business, had a good voice, sang with taste, and was judicious in his selection of ballads. He did not win the £100 which was represented to be the reward of the competition.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

Blackwood is an excellent number, if only on account of a glorious instalment of Cornelius O'Dowd, crammed with cheerful intelligence and kindly wisdom. Be sure to have a look at him this month. And also at the article about the Newman and Kingsley controversy, of which I can say nothing in small compass. The article on Indexing recalls that capital story of a judge's great mind to commit somebody for prevarication being indexed under his name, with the quality "great mind" attached to it.

The *Cornhill* opens, this time, with "Margaret Denzil" in the place of honour, and she sits it well. Readers who remember, and readers who do not remember, the guardedness with which Mr. Kinglake's Crimean book was spoken of in these columns at the time of its publication, may not be uninterested in turning to the article by J. O. on Todleben's book, which places the relation of the French army to the successes of the campaign in a different light. Generally, the contents of this number are good. "Wives and Daughters" we have now seen enough of to be able to foretell a capital story. "German Professors" and the "Ethics of Friendship" are both nice articles; but in the latter there is plenty that will be quarrelled with. There is a paper on Partridge-shooting, which is full of information and criticism; but there is no nice "game" flavour about it; it's dry. I have a profound presentiment that I shall like the little poem "Death and Love," when I've found out what it means. I propose to read it again when the temperature is lower.

As for *Temple Bar*, it is a varied and clever number. Billy Wilmerdings promised his mother he would experience religion if she wouldn't whip him. Well, Isabel Sleford, in the "Doctor's Wife," has taken a similar resolution. In fact, *Temple Bar* is "awakened" altogether. Page 162, Isabel is at church "trying to be good." Page 198, "lambs on Jesus' breast." Page 248, a quotation from the Psalms, with a word italicised; while the number winds up joyously with the couplet—

'Tis to blast with detestation
Foullest tyranny and wrong.

What has happened? We think we see all the contributors stepping out in a row, with their hair combed, the leader going first, like Mr. Perceval in that well-known sketch of Sydney Smith's. By-the-by, in "Jane Eyre" Mr. Brocklehurst tells a story of a little boy, who, when asked if he would rather have a gingerbread nut or say another Psalm, used to say a Psalm; and, added Mr. B., "then he gets two nuts for his infant piety." *Temple Bar* will soon deserve three or four nuts if its infant piety grows at this rate. In the meanwhile I may say "The Doctor's Wife" is capitally done this month. "Towns on the Avon" is very nice reading; and I am glad to see the writer giving Matthew Arnold, as a poet, a strong word. I ought to have said something before now of Mr. Byron's "Paid in Full," in which the studies of character are very clear and bright. But Mr. Byron makes his paragraphs too long for light reading. He will see it in a moment when it is pointed out. Mr. Yates, in "Broken to Harness," sketches some conjugal quarrelling with a tenderness and quiet power which the reader will not overlook, I am sure.

The *St. James's Magazine* has taken a leap forward. It is this month good—except as to the poetry. "Only a Clod" is very readable; as full of "healthy animalism" as the author's stories usually are, and as full also of the reminiscences of extensive reading. This writer is always great in her general contempt for the feeble types of her own sex. Maude is made fun of in a very happy way. Dr. Scofield is agreeably informing about Hydrophobia (conceive being agreeable about mad dogs!). More entertaining still is the article about Astrologers, which is well worth looking up. The paper on Mr. Tennyson's new volume is evidently written by a literary man of the world, not without poetic taste; and it is very caustic and clever, with honest attempts at being just. But, after all, it is written in too low a key for poetic criticism. One would be tempted to say such people had better leave poetry alone, if it were not that poetry will do them more good than they can do harm to poetry.

The *Churchman's Family Magazine* is quite up to its usual mark. The Dean Stanley sketch is a difficult job well managed. Very good indeed are the "Papers on Hymns and Hymn-books," but the subject is one which should be treated by a variety of people, and then the different views should be compared. "The Victory over Selfishness" is absurd. One of the sentences (perhaps more) is fourteen lines long. Here is a pretty bit of philosophy:—"The truth seems to be that motion of any kind is of its own nature transient and mortal, and that rest is alone enduring, and, therefore, in the highest degree alluring to the spirit of man. Before motion was rest and calm!" Really, now? I'll trouble you to say what is rest? and what is motion? and how one of the two necessary correlates can be shown to have been before the other? Also, I'll trouble you to prove that "rest" is "in the highest degree alluring" to man. What do you say to that little question of the Conservation of Force? Above all, I want to know what you mean by saying that "true repose so far constitutes the special individuality that is the very brand—the true broad arrow—of the great King of Kings." It is all very fine to say "so far," but how far? The page on which this occurs is headed "The Great Symphony of Life;" but, having

greatly dared and read it, I am of opinion that the thinking and writing are more like the tuning of an orchestra than any symphony whatever. There is a great deal that is noble at the foot of page 281; but I cannot leave the article without warning the writer against rash generalisations upon imperfect data. He talks about being "convinced of the hollowness of human delights" as a necessity of experience. I can assure him there are people who have had very varied and very painful experience who do not believe in the "hollowness of human delights," and never will, because they perceive that "human delights" are not "hollow."

The rest of the magazines I must leave till next week; but I may quote here what the *Saturday Review* says of "Enoch Arden," to show that the view taken in a previous number of the high moral tone of the poem was not exceptional:—

Philip Ray and Enoch Arden are each of them marked by the fortitude that arises from and rests upon an unselfish nature. Each practises, but in different ways, the most rigorous self-denial; each is actuated by love, in its purest form—by the charity that thinketh no evil; each is lord of himself, and steels against every overt or insidious lure of the passion which absorbs him.

I mentioned last month a new book about the received or Berkeleyan theory of Vision, but could not remember the author's name. It is Abbott, and the book, a good one, is attracting attention. I may just explain that the question is whether or not the eyes give perspective, or whether that comes, supplementarily, from the sense of touch.

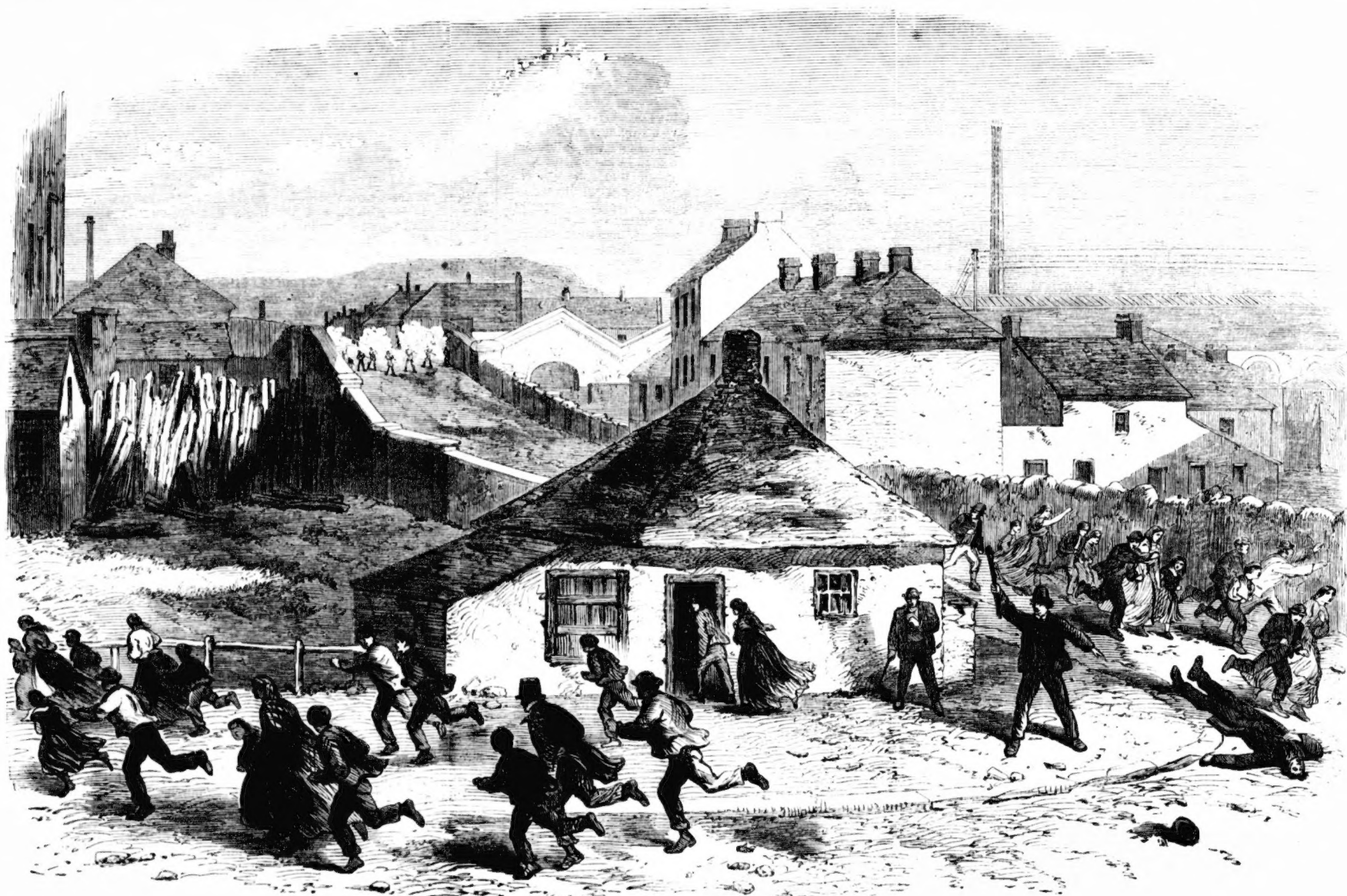
THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The comedieta entitled "A Woman of Business," brought out at the Adelphi on Monday, can hardly be said to have a plot. Its incidents may be briefly told. Mr. Henry Hall, a wine merchant of easy disposition, is blessed with a wife who transacts all his business, and is equally at home as the presiding genius of the counting-house or as the full-blown belle of the ball-room. She is quick, lively, amiable, doats upon her husband; but, above all, is a thorough woman of business. A country cousin—one Simon Foxcraft, a stupid, selfish, grasping, egotistic lout—comes to town to endeavour to obtain Hall's consent to his marriage with a niece, who, throughout the piece, is spoken of, but is not seen. Mrs. Hall, who dislikes the lout, and who sees that her niece's fortune is the prize he aims at, objects to the match; indeed, she has provided a husband for "her Julia" in the person of Mr. Arthur Tynley, a spruce young clerk. Enraged by her refusal, the lout Simon persuades Hall that his wife exercises an undue influence over him and his affairs; that he is her slave, and but a cipher in his own house. The easily-persuadable Mr. Hall resolves to assert his marital authority, and accompanies the sycophantic boor to a tavern, whence he shortly returns in a highly vinous and spirituous condition, and makes a scene with his astonished wife. "Simon shall marry his niece; he himself will conduct the correspondence of the firm, and be, not only his own master, but everybody else's." Mrs. Hall at once yields—gives up the keys, her seat at the desk, and leaves her tipsy lord and master to his own devices. "*Reculons pour mieux sauter*" is the motto on which she acts. His pen in his hand and his papers in confusion, Mr. Hall commits every blunder possible, and gives a cheque for the bulk of the balance at his banker's to a Mr. Wylie, a promoter of companies, who intends to abscond to America the next day. Wylie returns from the bank crestfallen. Every pound of Mr. Hall's had been withdrawn the day before. Simon, supposing his friend to be a ruined man, no longer wishes to espouse his niece. What has become of the money? Mrs. Hall, the woman of business, the day before drew it out to purchase back the family estate which ill fortune had wrested from her husband. She shows Mr. Wylie a letter from a detective policeman. The discomfited swindler shows himself the door. Mr. Hall, aroused to a sense of Foxcraft's selfishness, politely points out to that person the advisability of his return to the place whence he came. The woman of business had stooped to conquer, and saved her husband's property, restored him his patrimonial estate, made two lovers worthy of each other happy, and shown up Mr. Foxcraft's very interested intentions. There is also a little episode in which the lady punishes the Hon. Mr. Shrumpton Smallbones—a would-be Don Juan—for his too pressing and impertinent attentions, but it has hardly any connection with the main story, and might as well be omitted. Mr. Hall abdicates in favour of his very superior half, and the curtain falls on an ingenious and personal "tag."

"The Woman of Business" is a pleasant little piece, and has been adapted from the French by Mr. Webster, jun. Mr. Billington is very happy in his impersonation of the husband, really good-natured if tipsily despot. Mrs. Billington's performance and appearance as the conventional "swell" is capital. The meddling Simon, a sort of Iago in corderoys, was admirably played by Mr. Toole. Rustics, honest of heart and rude of speech, have too long possessed the stage, and it was refreshing to see and hear a real "young man from the country," crossgrained and avaricious, delivering his ignoble sentiments in a vulgar dialect; and, though I have seen Mr. Toole in characters easier of impersonation, I never saw him more natural or true. Mrs. Stirling, as Mrs. Hall, had but one fault: she was too charming. I fear that women of business are stern of brow and grim of manner. Surely they cannot possess the genial grace and easy fascination of the brilliant matron I saw on Monday night. If so, the Directors of the Bank of England should be immediately turned out to give place to Governesses—satin-shrined wives, and silvery-laughing widows; and the Chiefs of the Board of Trade give place to Directresses.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOT INSTITUTION.—A meeting of this institution was held on Thursday, at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Captain Sir Edward Perrott, Bart., V.P., in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, rewards amounting to £62 were voted to the crews of the life-boats of the institution stationed at Pembury, Margate, New Brighton, Caistor, and Arklow, for going off to vessels in stormy weather, but whose crews had been saved by other means before the arrival of the life-boats. The silver medal of the institution and a copy of its vote, on parchment, were voted to Miss Le Geyt, a resident of Bath, in acknowledgment of her noble and courageous conduct in rescuing two lads from drowning, at Lyme Regis, on the 4th ult. Miss Le Geyt rowed out to the assistance of the two lads, through the broken water, at much risk, and succeeded in saving them both from a watery grave. Various other rewards were also granted to the crews of shore-boats and others for saving life from different wrecks on the coasts of the United Kingdom. Payments amounting to upwards of £1000 were made on various life-boat establishments, and several life-boat houses were ordered to be built on various parts of the coast. The committee decided to station a new life-boat at Caistor, near Great Yarmouth. The institution had during the past month sent new life-boats to the Land's End, Carligan, and Poldhuillan. The life-boat presented to the institution by the Ancient Order of Foresters had during the past week been exhibited at the Crystal Palace, and had excited general attention and admiration. The boat will remain there until the evening of the 5th inst.

HOW A PHILOSOPHER WON HIS BRIDE.—A good story in reference to the Jewish philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn, is told by the German poet Berthold Auerbach. Writing to a Königsberg friend, who makes Mendelssohn his chief study, Auerbach explains how the little crippled, humpbacked philosopher came by his wonderfully handsome wife, as follows:—On paying a visit to his friend Lessing, at Wolfenbüttel, Mendelssohn had to pass through Hamburg, and it was while he was in the latter city on this occasion that he became acquainted with the banker Gugenheim and his daughter, who had both long known and admired him through his writings. On passing through Hamburg on his return from Wolfenbüttel he again visited the wealthy banker, who, before Mendelssohn's departure, informed him that he had had hopes of becoming matrimonially connected with him, but regretted that there were no prospects of the hope being realised. "You, however," continued the banker, "as a wise man, will be able to console yourself for the disinclination of my child." "Let me, then," replied Mendelssohn, "see her once more that I may say good-by." The request was granted, and Mendelssohn was ushered into the room where Fräulein Gugenheim was sitting. On observing him enter, the young lady ran to meet him, and, to his astonishment, put the curious question, "Tell me openly, Rabbi, do you believe marriages are decided in heaven?" "Yes," answered Mendelssohn, "I do. As soon as a boy is born his destined wife is revealed to him. When I was born you, my dear Fräulein, were shown to me as my future bride; but you had a horrid hump." "Herr Gott!" I exclaimed, "the beautiful Gugenheim a humpback? How will she ever support such a misfortune? The hump, oh, Heaven! take the hump from her and give it to me!" The Lord took pity on her, granted my prayer, and, as you observe, assigned the blemish to me." Shortly after that Mendelssohn celebrated his wedding with the banker's daughter.



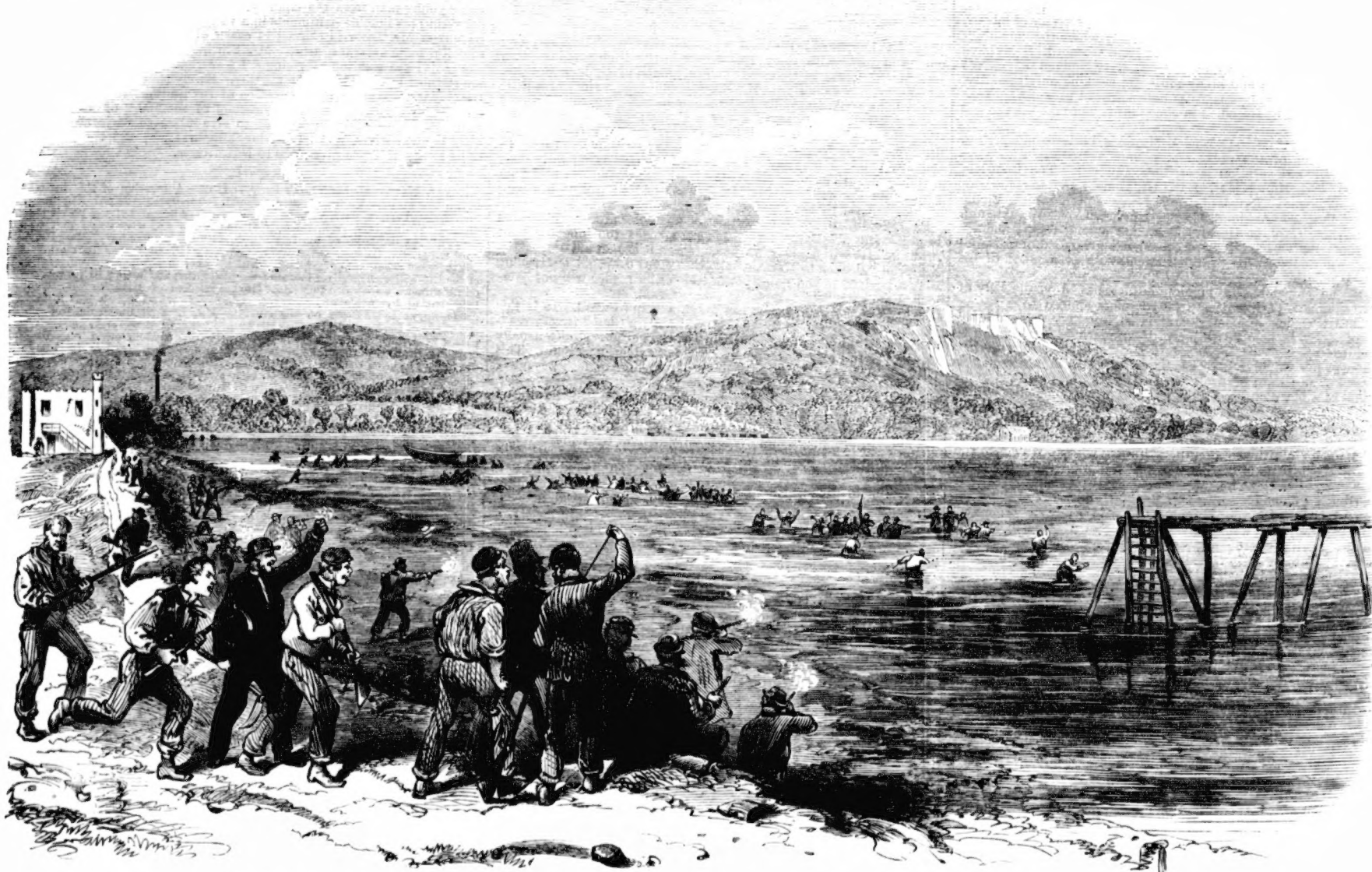
THE BELFAST RIOTS: THE POLICE FIRING ON THE MOB FROM BOYNE BRIDGE.

THE MULL OF CANTIRE.

CANTIRE is a peninsula running between the Frith of Clyde and the Atlantic Ocean, and forming the southern extremity of Argyshire. It is forty miles long, with an average breadth of six miles and a half. The "mull," or projecting promontory, is the southwest point of the peninsula, having upon it a lighthouse 297 ft. high. Round the Mull of Cantire used to be the only route for vessels between Glasgow and the west of Scotland to Oban and Inverness; but the passage was both a tedious and often a stormy one, for high winds prevail during the greater part of the year, and

as a consequence, a "devil of a sea runs in that bay," or rather off the mull; and, to obviate the inconveniences attending the voyage, the Crinan Canal was cut. The canal is nine miles in length, with fifteen locks, and by it a saving of seventy miles of sailing round the mull is effected. The canal-boats are dragged by horses, the passage occupying two hours. The large steam-boats plying between Glasgow and Inverness, however, use the route round the mull; and it is on board one of these boats that the scene of our Engraving is laid. It is easy to see that the stiff breeze or inarily blowing off the mull is in full force;

and that the passengers on the steamer's deck are not only exposed to its entire power, but that not a few of them are suffering from the almost inevitable consequence of the pitching and rolling of the vessel, and are profoundly sea-sick. While some of them boldly face the breeze, others wisely seek the shelter afforded by the lee-side of the paddle-box and other places. But all find, and particularly the shaggy little Scotch terrier, that what Mr. Ben Pump said of the Bay of Biscay is also applicable to the Mull of Cantire—namely, that it nearly "takes three men to hold one man's hair on his head." The scenery along the whole route



BELFAST BAY: THE SHIP-CARPENTERS DRIVING THE NAVVIES INTO THE MUD.—(FROM SKETCHES BY C. J. BROWNE.)—SEE PAGE 146.



OFF THE MILL OF CANTINE.

from Glasgow to Inverness is exceedingly fine, that of the peninsula of Cantire and its neighbourhood being not the least so. The Eastern and Western Lochs of Tarbat are saltwater lakes or bays, and form a very narrow isthmus by which Cantire is joined to South Knapdale. These bays encroach so far upon the land, and the extremities come so near to each other, that there is not above a mile of land to divide them; and across this isthmus it was at one time common to drag boats from the one to the other—a circumstance noticed by Sir Walter Scott in the "Lord of the Isles," when he says of Bruce and his companions that

Up Tarbat's western lake they bore,
And dragged their boat the isthmus o'er.

FINANCES OF THE UNITED STATES.

A PAPER by Mr. Stuart, Secretary of Legation at Washington, published in the Diplomatic Bluebook of the year, gives an intelligible abstract of Mr. Chase's financial reports to Congress. Mr. Stuart has converted dollars into pounds sterling at the usual par of exchange—4 dols. 87c. to the pound sterling; and we are thus enabled, without any fresh calculation, to give a statement expressed in terms familiar to English readers. The financial year in the United States ends on the 30th of June; thus the year 1864 means the year ending the 30th of June, 1864. This being premised, Mr. Stuart's figures, compiled from successive American reports, give the following advance of the Federal liabilities:—The public debt was, in 1860, £13,299,733; and in 1861 the influence of the war had been hardly felt, for the debt was only £18,658,691. But in 1862 it had risen to £105,587,509, thus making an increase of indebtedness amounting to nearly 87 millions sterling. But the increase for 1863 was still greater, for the total debt for that year amounts to £225,624,883. It must be remembered that these figures are independent of the amounts which have been added to the public burdens of the individual States. This war has imposed heavy expenses on the various members of the Union, which have been met by additions to the States' debts, and thus the real expenditure of the country is even greater than the enormous amount represented by the foregoing totals. From the year 1863 we are no longer in the region of certainty. The public debt for 1864 is an estimate of Mr. Chase. It amounts to £346,397,667; that for 1865—for so far forward does the Secretary of the Treasury carry his calculations—amounts to £458,302,913. It is this last year on which we have now entered, and should no extraordinary military successes change the course of the war there can be little doubt that the 30th of next June will come and find the Union still engaged in its task. From these records and estimates of expenditure let us turn to those of revenue. We find that in 1862 the customs, on which so much reliance was placed, produced only £10,073,182, while "loans" amounted to £108,766,418. In 1863 customs and "internal revenue" together, representing the real taxation of the country, amounted to £14,180,624 and £7,729,114, or in round numbers, to about 22 millions sterling, while loans are set down at £159,483,031. The war expenditure for the two years is about 90 millions and 136 millions respectively, counting "War Department" and Navy together. It is useless to go into the details of Mr. Chase's estimates for the years 1864 and 1865 further than to mention that he makes the cost of the war some 205 millions sterling in the former year, which has just ended, and we know not why, only 140 millions sterling in 1865, which has just begun. Every one is aware how grave have been the financial changes of the last six months, and it is better to make estimates for ourselves, based on whatever can be found in the Secretary's reports, than take them from those rose-coloured anticipations which have since so much faded. Mr. Stuart gives us the means of doing this by his sketch of the provisions made by Congress for the prosecution of the war, and he shows that the total outstanding debt on the 30th of September, 1863, amounted to £250,947,342. There is every reason, therefore, to believe that with all outstanding liabilities the total debt on the 30th of last June a good deal exceeded the 346 millions sterling estimated by Mr. Chase. If this be the case, what must be the prospect of the present year, with a new Minister already unsuccessful in his first operations, with a wider and fiercer contest than ever raging, with the currency depreciated so greatly that it seems impossible to issue many more greenbacks, and with a new army of unwilling soldiers to be bought into the service at any price? It can hardly be doubted that if the war continue till June next the debt of the Federal States will very far exceed the £458,302,913 estimated by Mr. Chase. But, as Mr. Stuart says, even on that estimate the interest on the sum then contracted will "perhaps scarcely fall short of 20 millions sterling"—an amount almost equal to all that was raised by taxation in the year 1863, under the pressure of a war said to be for the national existence. But since this estimate was made things have been going from bad to worse. The Government cannot get money, the army is unpaid, there are immense outstanding accounts, borrowing becomes more difficult, a new issue of notes will send up gold to no one can tell what quotation; the financial conjurer who has raised this vast fabric of credit has retreated, in fear that it may fall and crush him, and weaker, or, at any rate, less ingenious, men are directing affairs. It is hardly possible to avoid the conclusion that we ought to add at least a fourth to the estimate that has been given, and say that by next summer the interest to the payment of which the Federal States will have bound themselves will be some 25 millions sterling; that is, that the burden of their national debt will be almost equal to that under which we have so long complained. And this amount, be it remembered, is independent of the States' debts, which form in themselves a considerable burden on the community.

Mr. Stuart speaks of the small proportion which the sums raised by taxation bear to those raised by loans. The estimates for 1864 and 1865 respectively count upon receiving £32,082,022, or about one fifth of the expenditure, for the former, and £41,273,099, or somewhat less than one fourth of the expenditure, for the latter year. Although Congress has done something for the raising of larger sums by Customs' duties, it is doubtful if anything like 41 millions sterling will be raised by taxation in 1865. As in 1863 the internal revenue and the income tax together, which were estimated by Mr. Chase to produce £19,933,680, produced in reality only £8,034,063, we may expect that the sanguine anticipations of the late Minister will prove illusory, and that the deficiency will have to be added to the vast figures which will represent the debt of 1865.—Times.

THE PNEUMATIC RAILWAY AT SYDENHAM.

On Saturday last the Crystal Palace grounds were the scene of a novel and very interesting experiment. A series of trial-trips on the model Pneumatic Railway, recently constructed there, under the superintendence of Mr. Rammell, C.E., took place, with perfect success, in the presence of several eminent engineers and scientific men. A brickwork tunnel, about 10 ft. high by 9 ft. wide, and capable of admitting the largest carriages used on the Great Western Railway, has been laid with a single line of rails, fitted with opening and closing valves at each extremity, and supplied with all the other requisite apparatus for propelling passenger-trains on the pneumatic principle. The tunnel, or tube, extends from the Sydenham entrance of the grounds to the Armoury, near the Penze-gate, a distance of nearly 600 yards. The object of laying down this experimental line is to afford, both to the scientific world and the travelling public, a practical demonstration of the applicability to passenger traffic of the motive power already employed by the Pneumatic Despatch Company in the conveyance of letters and parcels. The pneumatic principle of propulsion is very simple. It has been likened to the action of a peashooter—a rough kind of comparison, perhaps, yet one sufficiently accurate as a popular illustration. The tunnel may be taken to represent the peashooter, and the train the pea, which is driven along in one direction by a strong blast of air and drawn back again in the opposite direction by the exhaustion of the air in front of it. The train may be said, in fact, to be blown through the tube on the down journey and sucked through it on the return journey. It must not, however, be supposed that the passengers

are deposited at their destination with a sudden jerk, as the simile we have used might seem to imply. Such an inconvenience is entirely obviated by the mechanical arrangements employed. The motion is throughout smooth, easy, and agreeable, and the stoppages are effected gently and gradually. The journey of 600 yards was performed either way in about fifty seconds, with an atmospheric pressure of only two ounces and a half to the square inch; but a higher rate of speed, if desirable, can easily be obtained consistently with safety. Indeed, one great incidental advantage claimed for this species of locomotion is that it excludes all risk of the collisions occasionally attendant on railway travelling; for, of course, no two trains could ever run full tilt against each other where all the propelling force is expended in one direction at one time. The worst mishap which it is said could well happen is that, owing to some sudden failure in the machinery, the train might be abruptly brought to a stop in the middle of the tunnel, when the passengers would have to alight from the carriages and grope their way as best they could out of the tube. Whether in such a contingency there is any possibility of another train being started before they had safely made their exit, or any risk of their sharing the fate of frogs placed under an exhausted air-pump, we do not venture to assert; but probably the scientific engineer could guarantee the traveller against any such peril. The train used on Saturday last consisted of one very long, roomy, and comfortable carriage, resembling an elongated omnibus, and capable of accommodating some thirty or thirty-five passengers. Passengers enter this carriage at either end, and the entrances are closed with sliding glass doors. Fixed behind the carriage there is a framework of the same form, and nearly the same dimensions, as the sectional area of the tunnel; and attached to the outer edge of this frame is a fringe of bristles forming a thick brush. As the carriage moves along through the tunnel the brush comes into close contact with the arched brickwork, so as to prevent the escape of the air. With this elastic collar round it, the carriage forms a close-fitting piston, against which the propulsive force is directed. The motive power is supplied in this way:—At the departure-station a large fan-wheel, with an iron disc, concave in surface, and 22 ft. in diameter, is made to revolve, by the aid of a small stationary engine, at such speed as may be required, the pressure of the air increasing, of course, according to the rapidity of the revolutions, and thus generating the force necessary to send the heavy carriage up a steeper incline than is to be found upon any existing railway. The disc gyrates in an iron case resembling that of a huge paddle-wheel; and from its broad periphery the particles of air stream off in strong currents. When driving the air into the upper end of the tunnel to propel the down-train fresh quantities rush to the surface of the disc to supply the partial vacuum thus created; and, on the other hand, when the disc is exhausting the air in the tunnel, with the view of drawing back the up-train, the air rushes out like an artificial hurricane from the escape-valves of the disc case, making the adjacent trees shake like reeds, and almost blowing off his feet any incautious spectator who approaches too near it.

When the down journey is to be performed the breaks are taken off the wheels, and the carriage moves by its own momentum into the mouth of the tube, passing in its course over a deep air-well in the floor, covered with an iron grating. Up this opening a gust of wind is sent by the disc, when a valve, formed by a pair of iron doors, hung like lock-gates, immediately closes firmly over the entrance of the tunnel, confining the increasing atmospheric pressure between the valve and the rear of the carriage. The force being thus brought to bear upon the end of the train, the latter, shut up within the tube, glides smoothly along towards its destination, the revolving disc keeping up the motive power until it reaches the steep incline, whence its own momentum again suffices to carry it the rest of the distance. The return journey, as above indicated, is effected by the aid of the exhausting process. At a given signal a valve is opened, and the disc-wheel set to work in withdrawing the air from the tube. Near the upper end of the tube there is a large aperture, or side vault, which forms the throat through which the air is, so to speak, exhaled, the iron doors at the upper terminus still being kept shut. In a second or two the train posted at the lower terminus, yielding to the exhausting process going on in its front, and urged by the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere from behind, moves off on its upward journey, and rapidly ascending the incline approaches the iron gates, which fly open to receive it, and it emerges at once into daylight. Such is the mode in which the system works, and it seems capable of being adapted to railway communication for short distances, such as on lines within the metropolis and other large towns, or wherever tunnels with steep gradients exist. The chief obstacles encountered in practically working the atmospheric railway, introduced some fifteen years ago, are considered to have been effectually overcome by the present modification of the principle. Under the former system the tube was of very small size, and fixed upon the ground; a longitudinal or continuous valve opening at the top, along which a rod, connecting the piston with the carriages, passed, and the valve closing behind the rod as it moved onwards. The amount of atmospheric pressure required to be exerted where the area of the tube was so small was enormous, being from 7 lb. to 10 lb. per square inch; whereas upon Mr. Rammell's principle the pressure is only 2½ oz. per square inch; and, moreover, the great leakage and waste of power which rendered the old atmosphere system so costly in working are here in great measure avoided. It need hardly be added that the worst drawbacks to travelling through tunnels—viz., the smoke and sulphurous vapours emitted from the locomotive and the close, unwholesome atmosphere of the tunnels themselves—are in this case got rid of. Every train, in fact, carries its own supply of fresh air along with it, and also expels the foul air before it.

THE PEOPLE AT THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

HER Majesty the Queen may with reason congratulate herself on having procured a real treat for a large number of her subjects on Friday week. Thousands will look back with pleasure to the birthday of Prince Albert, and forward with expectation for its recurrence. The Horticultural Society's Gardens displayed a scene such as has not before been witnessed within their precincts. From the opening to the closing of the gates a constant stream of visitors continued to pour in. The roads leading to the gardens reminded one of the time of the International Exhibition—they were fully as much crowded as on the days of the largest attendance there. Inside the gardens from eleven o'clock till the time of closing the crowd was so dense as to interfere in many places very seriously with locomotion. Several schools were among the visitors, and were conspicuous here and there from the banners borne by most of them. In the large conservatory the crowd was not so great as on the terrace outside; nevertheless, it was sufficiently large to strike a visitor accustomed to the ordinary attendance at shows.

The galleries were quite favourite spots, and the dust raised by the crowd was disagreeably apparent there, and must have been somewhat detrimental to the plants. The roof of the terrace was covered with people. From this roof the view of the gardens was most striking; its whole extent was filled with people, not so closely as to prevent movement, but the crowd moved along the walks and over the grass plots, while here and there a dense crowd surrounded a band, or at the lower end of the gardens a group played at kiss-in-the-ring. The maze was so full of travellers that we should think the difficulty must have been to make a mistake, which, however, seemed to be done by many. In the western portion of the gardens the game of kiss-in-the-ring was spiritedly kept up. On the terrace the crowd was densest, and there it was very difficult to move about, and the refreshment-room was closely packed.

Bands of musicians performed in various parts of the gardens at different times during the day, and contributed in no small degree to the general pleasure. The visitors were of various classes, but the greatest number were of those who earn their bread by hard labour. There were gentlemen and ladies, tradesmen and labouring men, with their wives and families; young men and young women, boys and girls, and those inevitable companions of a London crowd, children in arms. All were orderly, quiet, and well-behaved; even

the children running up and down the grassy slopes seemed to be careful to avoid doing mischief. The police stationed in the gardens appeared to have no occupation except that of giving information, which they were constantly called upon to afford to one or another, and which they readily did to the best of their ability. Shortly before the closing of the gates the musicians were congregated on the terrace, so far as the density of the crowd would permit of the projected arrangements being carried out, and the National Anthem was sung by a powerful chorus of voices, the public being requested not to join in until the last verse. There seemed to us to be at least 100,000 people present there for the greater part of the day, and we should judge that the admissions of the day had not fallen far short of 200,000. At six o'clock those who had entered by the principal gate had been 60,000, and the official there estimated the numbers admitted at 160,000 persons.

In mixing among the crowd it was our lot to hear frequent allusions to the cause of the day's pleasure, expressed in a manner that showed a feeling of gratitude to the Queen, who, in giving this pleasure to so many of her people, has certainly rendered the birthday of the Prince Consort one that will be honoured and welcomed with delight by a great body of the bone and sinew of the land.

IRELAND.

SECTARIAN FEELING IN IRELAND.—The daughter of Mr. Alexander, Rector of Drumree, some years ago married a Mr. Rollinson, a curate, and she and her husband subsequently became Roman Catholics. Recently, being on a visit to the Rector, the pair attended service in the chapel of their own creed, whereupon the leading Protestants called upon the Rector and ordered him to send away his daughter and her husband under penalty of his house being wrecked. The spokesman declared the visit of two Romanists to their own chapel an outrage on the parish, and so fierce was the feeling that Mr. Alexander was compelled to yield, and banish his daughter and son-in-law from his house.

HORRID MURDER.—A most brutal and unprovoked murder was committed in Omagh on Saturday evening last. The victim is Mr. John McCrossan, a solicitor of considerable repute in the county of Donegal. At the last Omagh Assizes Mr. McCrossan was solicitor for the plaintiff in the case of "Doyle v. McLoughlin," coachbuilder. It was the only record at last Assizes. A verdict of £8 damages and sixpence costs was found for the plaintiff. McLoughlin, the defendant, not paying the damages and costs, an execution was brought against him, and the Sub-Sheriff, Mr. Charles McCrossan, brother of the deceased, was, on Saturday last, about to proceed with the execution. McLoughlin resisted, and had his place, which is situated in Castle-street, Omagh, shut up against the approach of the Sheriff and his bailiffs. The Sheriff, seeing that resistance was offered, sought the advice of his brother, who went to him, and while speaking to the Sub-Sheriff on the street an iron rod, 5 ft. 8 in. in length, having a hook with a barb at the point, was thrust by McLoughlin out of the window on the upper story, and plunged into the throat of Mr. McCrossan, lifting him off the ground and inflicting a dreadful wound. The carotid artery was cut, and the blood gushed out in profusion. All the remedies which medical skill could devise were applied; but without avail, as the unfortunate gentleman died next day, after suffering intense agony. McLoughlin is in custody.

SCOTLAND.

A MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—The other day a young gentleman from England arrived in the neighbourhood of Airdrie, where he had a sweetheart whom he had been wooing for some time. He had received a sudden call to proceed abroad, but previous to his departure he was desirous of converting his innamorata into a wife and taking her along with him. The lady was nothing loth, but there was no time to spare for the proclamation of the banns—a necessary preliminary to procuring the services of a minister to tie the knot. At length the parties, advised by one of the burgh lawyers, declared themselves man and wife in the Royal Hotel. This, it seems, being an irregular marriage, is an offence in the eye of the law, and the couple now united were brought up before a magistrate, and, pleading "Guilty," to what they had no wish to deny, were amerced in the not very serious penalty of one mark Scots, about 1s. 1d. sterling, besides having the fact of their marriage unmistakably registered by its being placed on record in the court books.

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT BUILDING AT TORWOOD.—A curious and interesting antiquarian discovery has just been made on Taprock-hill, in Torwood Forest, in the parish of Dunipace. The discoveries include a large circular building, entombed in a mound, a subterranean passage leading therefrom; the upper portion of a Scottish quern; a small iron hammer or ancient mallet; with other historical and monumental remains. Taprock, the scene of these discoveries, is located on the west side of the old Roman road, and about half a mile north-west from Torwood Castle. The proprietor is Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas, of Carronhall, near Larbert; and it is at his instance that the excavations which have led to the present discoveries are being made. The building which has been disclosed is circular in shape, and the diameter is 32 ft. 6 in., with a depth of 10 ft. What may be termed the main entrance is on the south-west side, and the descent into the chamber is accomplished by a stair consisting of ten steps. The staircase is elbow-shaped, and at the bottom it measures 4 ft. 3 in. wide; at the top, 2 ft. 10 in. Adjoining it is the entrance to a subterranean passage, which is supposed to communicate with Torwood Castle. The hypothesis is partly confirmed by the direction taken by the passage, which is traced to a considerable distance from the building by interstices, or what possibly may have been auxiliary openings. The sides of the entrances to the chamber and subterranean passage are surmounted by compound lintels, and the whole building indicates a regular principle of construction. The stones have evidently undergone a rubbing down and dressing, so as to form tolerably regular blocks. In the bottom of the chamber the upper stone of a quern was found, together with a small hammer of peculiar make. The head is round like a bullet, with a point or spike projecting from one side. A "bing" of stones, weighing from 1 lb. to 2 lb. each, and nearly all of one shape, was discovered in a part of the chamber. It is quite apparent that these had been selected for some object, possibly for using with the sling. Among them is one of rather a peculiar form. It is oblong in shape, and the centre on each side is hollowed out so as to admit of the insertion of a watch glass. One of the large stones with which the chamber was filled up is ornamented in two corners by a character or figure resembling a ram's horn. The bottom of the chamber is covered to a depth of two inches with what appears to be ashes or charred wood; and at intervals round the walls are cavities measuring six by nine inches. The theory of several gentlemen who have examined the building is that it has been used as a watch-tower, probably during Roman or Pictish times, or perhaps more recently. Another theory is, that it has been one of the dwellings of the aborigines of ancient Caledonia at the time of the Roman invasion. The chamber in some of its details corresponds very closely with those ancient habitations which have been found elsewhere in Scotland. As the excavations, however, are not nearly completed, possibly some additional light may yet be thrown on the subject.

THE PROVINCES.

A BRAVE WOMAN.—Some few days ago some very young children were playing in a boat in Teignmouth Harbour. A little boy, between two and three years of age, overbalanced himself and fell into a depth of five or six feet of water. The accident being observed by two women, they both instinctively rushed into the river to his rescue. One of them, however, finding herself getting beyond her depth, retired; but the other woman, named Sally Shiggins, wife of one of the life-boat's crew, pushed forward and swam a few feet to the child's rescue. She caught him some depth below the surface, as he was sinking, and afterwards safely brought him ashore. The child was found to be nearly insensible, and must have perished in the absence of Mrs. Shiggins' courageous conduct. Her husband has been for some years past one of the life-boat's crew, and has often assisted in saving life from shipwreck.

THE MANX CLERGY AND THE CHASE.—The Bishop of Sodor and Man was present a few days ago at the dinner of a local agricultural society, and in responding for "The Church," said, in the course of his speech, "There was another matter to which he must refer, now that he was speaking. He believed that they were in a great measure indebted to his Excellency, the Lieutenant-Governor, who was working day and night for the interest of the island, for the pack of hounds which was exhibited at the show that day. In old times the clergy had to keep a pack of hounds for the parish. He did not know whether he would be asked to join the hunt, but he believed they had asked the Archdeacon to do so if he would preach a sermon for them. He (the Bishop) would have no objection to the Archdeacon doing so provided he preached the sermon in pink, with top-boots on."

THE QUEEN IN SCOTLAND.—Her Majesty, accompanied by the younger members of her family, by the Duke and Duchess of Coburg, and a numerous suite, left Windsor Castle at seven o'clock on Monday night for Scotland. On Tuesday morning her Majesty inaugurated the statue of the late Prince Consort in the North Inch at Perth, and then proceeded to Balmoral, where the Royal party arrived in the afternoon. Before leaving Perth, the honour of knighthood was conferred by her Majesty on Mr. Ross, the Provost of the city.

BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS.—The Board of Trade returns for July have been issued, and they are again very favourable with regard to the declared value of the exports. The month for July was £14,394,364, against £13,648,840 in July, 1863; and for the seven months the aggregate average is £92,441,950, against £75,663,067 in the corresponding period of last year. The imports of specie during the seven months amounted to £16,371,678, and the exports to £14,781,858—showing an excess of imports to the amount of £1,589,820.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE ENTRAPPED ACADEMICIAN.

In the early days of the French Académie the members seem to have been more complaisant than they have proved themselves of recent years. The King had only to express his desire, and the election of an Academician was at once secured: whereas nowadays the candidate who is known to be favoured by the Emperor's support stands a very good chance of losing his election. The first member of the Académie who was elected by direct command of the Sovereign was M. de Noyon; and Louis XIV., pleased at the ready compliance with his request, testified to the Prince de Condé and to the most distinguished persons of the Court that he should be glad to see them at the reception. Thus M. de Noyon was the first member of the Académie chosen by the King, and the first at whose reception he had taken the trouble to invite his courtiers to attend.

The Abbé de Caumartin was at that time Director of the Académie. He knew the vanity of M. de Noyon and determined to divert the public at his expense. He had many friends in power, and judged that his pleasantry would be overlooked and even approved. He composed, therefore, a confused and bombastic discourse in the style of M. de Noyon, full of pompous phrases, turning the Prelate into ridicule while they seemed to praise him. After finishing this work he was afraid lest it should be thought out of all measure, and, to reassure himself, carried it to M. de Noyon himself, as a scholar might to his master, in order to see whether it fully met with his approval. M. de Noyon, so far from suspecting anything, was charmed by the discourse, and simply made a few corrections in the style. The Abbé de Caumartin rejoiced at the success of the snare he had laid, and felt quite bold enough to deliver his harangue.

The day came. The Académie was crowded. The King and the Court were there, all expecting to be diverted. M. de Noyon, saluting everybody with a satisfaction he did not dissimulate, made his speech with his usual confidence and in his usual style. The Abbé replied with a modest air and with a gravity and slowness that gave great effect to his ridiculous discourse. The surprise and pleasure were general, and each person strove to intoxicate M. de Noyon more and more, making him believe that the speech of the Abbé was relished solely because it had so worthily praised him. The Prelate was delighted with the Abbé and the public, and conceived not the slightest mistrust.

The noise which this occurrence made may be imagined, and the praises M. de Noyon gave himself in relating everywhere what he had said and what had been replied to him. M. de Paris, to whose house he went in his round of triumph, did not like him, and endeavoured to open his eyes to the humiliation he had received. For some time M. de Noyon would not be convinced of the truth; it was not until he had consulted with Père la Chaise that he believed it. Excess of rage and vexation succeeded then to the excess of rapture he had felt. In this state he returned to his house, and went the next day to Versailles. There he made the most bitter complaint to the King of the Abbé de Caumartin, by whose means he had become the sport and laughingstock of all the world.

The King, who had learned what had passed, was himself displeased. He ordered Pontchartrain to rebuke the Abbé, and to send him a lettre de cachet, in order that he might go and ripen his brain in his abbey of Busay, in Brittany, and better learn there how to speak and write. Pontchartrain executed the first part of his commission, but not the second. He pointed out to the King that the speech of the Abbé de Caumartin had been revised and corrected by M. de Noyon, and that, therefore, this latter had only himself to blame in the matter. He declared, too, that the Abbé was very sorry for what he had done, and was most willing to beg pardon of M. de Noyon. The lettre de cachet thus fell to the ground, but not the anger of the Prelate. He was so outraged that he would not see the Abbé, retired into his diocese to hide his shame, and remained there a long time.

Upon his return to Paris, however, being taken ill, before consenting to receive the sacrament he sent for the Abbé, embraced him, pardoned him, and gave him a diamond ring that he drew from his finger, and that he begged him to keep in memory of him. Nay, more, when he was cured he used all his influence to reinstate the Abbé in the esteem of the King. But the King could never forgive what had taken place; and M. de Noyon, by this grand action, gained, as St. Simon says, "only the favour of God and the honour of the world."

WOMAN'S DRESS IN RELATION TO HEALTH.

The first thing which needs to be done is, to lessen the size of the ridiculously large hoops which are now in fashion, and which make it necessary to put so extravagant a quantity of material into skirts and everything else worn over them. There is not a single thing to be said in favour of hoops of this absurd size. They are very ugly, and they take up so much space as to be very inconvenient, both to the wearers and everyone around them. Leaving good taste out of the question, kind feeling alone ought to put an end to this stupid fashion, which makes our dress a nuisance in every railway-carriage, omnibus and pew, and all other places where the sitting-room is small. The only reason sufficient to justify us, even in wearing any hoops at all, is that they throw off the skirts from the body, and so leave it free in walking. This is certainly a very great advantage; for the fatigue of walking is nearly doubled when at every step a weight of several pounds in the shape of skirts has to be pushed forwards, as is the case when hoops are not worn. This one advantage is alone, in many cases, great enough to counterbalance all the disadvantages of hoops, and to make it desirable to wear them. Another great advantage in them is that they make it possible to wear fewer petticoats than used to be worn before they came again into fashion. Several thick, heavy petticoats were then required in order to conceal the outline of the figure as much as is considered necessary. It was in those days no uncommon thing for young women to wear five, six, or even seven petticoats, one of which was often made of heavy moreen, and another of thick, starched, corded muslin. This mass of petticoats was not only very injurious because of its weight but also because it, being gathered closely together at the waist, gave the lower parts of the body much more clothing than the other parts of the frame, and so kept it very unhealthy warm. With hoops, however, two thin, light petticoats are sufficient for all reasonable purposes. But all the advantages of the hooped skirt may be secured without having it nearly so large as it is generally worn now. The hoops should be only just large enough to keep the skirts out from the limbs in walking. When they are larger than this, they become as absurd as they are ugly and inconvenient, and they richly deserve all the lashings which *Punch* and the newspapers give them. When the hoops are worn small much less fulness is, of course, needed in the petticoats and dress skirts, the weight of which is thus greatly diminished. The petticoats may be still further lightened by "goring" them, so as to leave only just enough fulness at the top to hang easily over the hoops. Then, of course, no more petticoats should be worn than are absolutely necessary. Only one over the hoops, and a very thin, light one under them should be worn. Their great use in giving freedom in taking exercise is, of course, in a great measure destroyed when heavy petticoats are worn under them. They should themselves, too, be as light as possible. The thick cheap ones are so injuriously heavy that it is very false economy to buy them. A skeleton-skirt made of very thin, light, flexible steel is the best. It should be lined on both sides for about twelve inches at the bottom, to prevent the hoops from catching to scrapers, omnibus-steps, and similar things. Very serious accidents have happened through neglect of this precaution. It is not well, however, to line the skeleton-skirt all the way up, as this adds unnecessarily to its weight. Not only may we lessen the weight of our clothing by putting less fulness into petticoats and dress-skirts, but also by choosing lighter materials for them. Many of the "reps," "droguets," linseys, and other materials now used for dresses and petticoats are very much too heavy; there is no need whatever to wear them, for there is an abundance of materials which are very light in weight, and yet dark enough to look seasonable in autumn and winter.—*Alexandra Magazine*.

"UNDER THE KNIFE."

AND now the critical moment has arrived; so, having undressed myself, I take a last look around, and mount the table, where I am at once seized on and arranged for the convenience of carving by the two aides-de-camp. Mr. C., who, with his sleeves tucked up, had been standing in such a position as to screen the little what-not and its glittering load from my sight, takes a last look at the wound, evidently determining in his own mind the precise spot where he will make the first gash, and then, retiring a pace or two, nods to Dr. S., who has placed himself behind me. That gentleman at once steps forward and commences to apply the chloroform.

The instrument he uses for this purpose appears to me to partake very much of the form of a meerschaum pipe, in the bowl of which is placed a sponge containing the fluid, a cover fitting tightly over the top of the bowl. The long pipe-stem terminates in a cup intended to cover the nose and mouth of the patient. At the upper part of the stem is a small valve or stopcock, which regulates the amount of vapour to be inhaled. I am told to draw long, deep inspirations as steadily and slowly as possible, and for two or three seconds the only effect I perceive is a slight choking sensation, which makes me gasp for breath. Then, however, I see him turn on the stopcock a little fuller, and immediately I feel myself becoming giddy, the sensation of choking increases, and I find more and more difficulty in drawing my breath. The objects in the room become blurred and dance before my eyes; my brain begins to throb and whirl in my head, and I feel a weight like lead on my heart. And now my blood begins to surge violently through my veins, and beats like a sledge-hammer on my temples; every nerve in my body tingles; it grows faster and faster, wilder and wilder—the room rushes round and round—I cannot bear it—I cannot breathe—I try to struggle, and feel I can just raise my arm, which even in my state of semi-consciousness I perceive is at once held down by one of those abominable students, who is doubtless enjoying the spectacle amazingly and gloating over my distress. A roaring sound fills my ears—I strive to raise myself to struggle, but I cannot move. I try to scream—I try to breathe—I gasp wildly—I am suffocating—I shall die—I . . .

A pause, a long sensible pause, at the end of which I feel that I have been asleep; and then I am gradually awake by hearing the gentle plash of water dropping on my pillow. I hear it quite distinctly, and I know at once what it is; but for a king's ransom I could not open my eyes or stir hand or foot. I am conscious, but motionless. I hear the murmur of voices, but cannot distinguish what is said. Presently there is another plash, and I somehow know that they are sprinkling my face; but though I hear it fall on the pillow, I cannot feel it. And now I hear the voices once more. This time I can distinguish what is said. It is Dr. S. speaking, and he says, "He is coming round fast." Another moment and I can open my eyes. Dr. S. is standing over me with a basin of water, from which he is sprinkling my face and bathing my temples; though, oddly enough, I cannot feel either his touch or the water. Mr. C. is standing with his back to me washing his hands, and one of the pupils is packing up the mahogany box, whilst the other is watching me with a look which seems to me very like one of regret that it is all over, and that there is no more to be seen. The nurse is carrying away the two buckets, and I can even see that the water is very red. I see all this at a glance, I am perfectly conscious, and yet I can feel nothing. Not only am I free from pain, but there is a numbness over all my limbs. I cannot feel my own touch, I have no sensation whatever. In this state I am lifted into bed and placed in a comfortable position, not even the movement causing any sensation. Gradually, however, a slight tingling comes on, somewhat similar to that which takes place when a hand or foot has what is commonly called "gone to sleep." This is succeeded by a smarting pain at the seat of the wound, which increases in intensity until, after some minutes, it becomes very severe. Sensation has returned to my body, and with it comes the after-pain of the operation. This, of course, is all the more severe because I have been spared the pain of the operation itself. It does not, however, last very long; and within half an hour it has entirely ceased. How can I describe the wonderful sensation of relief with which I then dwell upon the recollection that it was all over—that there was nothing more to dread, and that all I had now to do was to get well as rapidly as possible?

In this matter, however, I somewhat counted without my host. The suffering of an operation does not lie entirely in the moment when it is performed; there are sundry most unpleasant stages to be undergone subsequently. The removal of the stitches with which the wound has been sewn up is a most disagreeable little episode, but worse still is the coming away of the ligatures with which the small arteries are tied. These vary in number, according to the locality of the wound. In my case there were eight; and how I suffered before they all dropped off! This event takes place as soon as the several arteries have healed, and until they are all removed it is impossible for the wound to close at the external surface. For several days, therefore, the surgeon at every visit tried them all, as he called it, meaning thereby that he pulled at each one in succession. If it gave way, well and good, there was not much pain; but if it resisted, oh! then there was a wrench. There was one most obstinate ligature which would not yield for several days after all its companions had been got rid of. What I suffered before that terrible thread was removed I never shall forget. However, all things have an end; and so eventually, one fine morning, the usual pull was rewarded with success—out came the obnoxious thread, and from that moment the healing of the wound went on rapidly. All was now over; stage after stage of convalescence was passed rapidly by, until at last came the eventful morning when a small slip of grey stamped paper was deposited by me in Mr. C.'s hands, making awful havoc in the modest balance that stood at my credit in the books of Messrs. Cox and Co. I shook hands with him for the last time, and, as he drove away, I thanked Providence that I was at last released from all my troubles, and prayed most sincerely that I might never again be doomed to the fate of being "under the knife."—*British Army and Navy Review*.

RESTORATION OF ANCIENT LONDON CHURCHES.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT.

THIS church, situated in West Smithfield, and the oldest beyond all question in the whole city of London, having been erected nearly 750 years ago, is about to be restored to its primitive grandeur at the cost of a large sum of money, under the direction of a committee, of whom Mr. Tite, M.P., Mr. Beresford Hope, the Attorney-General; Mr. Hardwicke, R.A.; the Rev. John Abbiss, the Rector; Mr. White, treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital; Mr. Robert Chambers, Mr. E. L. Beckwith, Mr. J. W. Butterworth, and Deputy Lord are among the principal members. As an edifice of the Norman style of architecture, it is said to be unique. Its solidity has suffered little from the lapse of time, and its chief features, after so many centuries, remain unimpaired. The work of restoration, therefore, has not for its object so much the repair of the fabric itself as the removal of a mass of rubbish by which its stately proportions have been obscured to a great extent for centuries. The mutilation and defacement of noble semicircular arches, the external accumulation of earth, the floor within, raised nearly 3 ft. above the bases of the columns, the exclusion of the apse from the church by a decayed and unsightly wall, have all tended to mar the beauty and convenience of the edifice. The founder of the church was Rahere, a gentleman of the Court of Henry I., and described by Stow as "a man of singular and pleasant wit, and therefore by many called the King's jester and minstrel." In 1103 the building was said to have been begun, and in March, 1123, the choir was consecrated by Richard of Beauvais, then Bishop of London; the rest not having been finished until ten years later. Three Byzantine Princes, whether merchants or monks does not appear, were present at the ceremony of consecration. Originally the church consisted of a low central tower, with four other towers, one at each of the

angles of the edifice, and all crowned with conical spires. It was at first the church of a community of Augustine friars, of whom Rahere was the first Prior, and so continued until the dissolution of the monasteries. The present edifice is the choir of the old monastic church, given for Divine service by Henry VIII., after the Dissolution. In the reign of Queen Mary the remainder of the fabric was given to the Dominican Friars, who abandoned it in July, 1559, and it afterwards became a parish church. The church, when complete, measured 280 ft. in length; and it had a nave, which was pulled down at the Reformation, and of which the site only now remains, upwards of 87 ft. long and 60 ft. broad. At present the building is 132 ft. by 57 ft., and 47 ft. high, having an open timber roof, which is supposed to be equal in age to the building itself. The square brick tower at the end of the south aisle is 75 ft. high, and was erected in 1628. It contains five bells. The six bells belonging originally to the edifice were sold at the dissolution of the monastery to the parish church of St. Sepulchre. On the east side of the south wing stood a beautiful chapel of the time of Edward III., with a large western archway, which was destroyed by fire in 1830. Attached to the east end of the church was a lady chapel, of Norman style, now a fringe manufactory, the side walls of which still remain. The prior's house, infirmary, refectory, dormitory, chapter-house, and cloisters originally surrounded the building. The walls of the chapter-house, of the time of Henry III., were remaining in 1809, as high as the window-sills. It had three arched entrances to the cloister, with arcades on the north and south sides. On the south side of the church is an oriel window built by Prior Bolton early in the sixteenth century, and supposed to have been used, like that at Worcester Cathedral, by the sacristan for the supervision of the lights burning at the altar. It is ornamented by the Prior's rebens, an arrow, or some such thing, inserted through a tun, from which probably the inn sign of the Bolt-in-Tun took its origin. The interior of the church contains several very ancient monuments in good preservation; among others the effigy and tomb of Rahere, the first Prior, inserted within a screen; the Elizabethan tomb of Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and founder of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, who died in May, 1589; and of Rycroft, the King's printer of the Polyglot; Le Sueur, the sculptor, and Milton lived in Bartholomew-close, hard by, and William Hogarth was baptised in the church in November, 1697.

AUSTINFIARI.

This church, one of the most ancient and interesting in the whole city of London, and which was partly destroyed by fire in November, 1862, is now being restored in a befitting manner; and the work, the cost of which is estimated at about £12,000, is far towards completion. Until the accident, which nearly resulted in its entire destruction, the church was but little known, except to persons of archaeological taste, and, although situate in the immediate neighbourhood of the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, probably not more than twenty men connected with either of those great centres of business ever saw it, though it is as large and imposing as some cathedrals. The truth is, that the edifice stands in a square, having a somewhat obscure entrance from Lothbury and Broad-street, and is not visible from either of those busy thoroughfares; but only let an ordinary citizen in passing turn aside through the quaint gateway leading to the Dutch quarter of the City which derives its name from the church, and his curiosity will be amply repaid by a sight of the time-honoured fabric. The Church of Austinfriars was founded upwards of 600 years ago—namely, in 1253, as an inscription over its western entrance indicates; but the nave, which alone existed at the time of the fire, was erected a century later. "It is," wrote Mr. George Gilbert Scott recently, "a noble model of a preaching-nave, for which purpose it was, no doubt, specially intended, being of great size and of unusual openness." It is upwards of 150 ft. by 80 ft. internally, supported by light and lofty pillars, sustaining eighteen arches, and lighted by large and numerous windows with flowing tracery. It is, in fact, a perfect model of what is most practically useful in the nave of a church. Originally, it was a place of worship for the Augustine friars, and hence its name in the present abbreviated form; but in the reign of King Edward VI. it was made over to the Dutch community who had settled in that part of the City, and in possession of their descendants it still remains. The choir and its appendages were destroyed soon after the dissolution of the monasteries; and the noble steeple—the finest, in Mr. Scott's opinion, in the city of London—was taken down in 1603 by the then Marquis of Winchester, in opposition to the earnest remonstrance of the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of London. The earnest protest made in the papers by Mr. Scott, in July of last year, against what would have been a similar act of vandalism was more successful than that of the civic authorities more than 250 years ago, and probably to it we owe the preservation and restoration of the fabric itself, or rather what remained of it, after the fire, the removal of which was at that time suspected to be impending. There were strong temptations to its destruction rather than restoration, for all the surrounding property in that part of the City has become immeasurably increased in value by the lapse of time. As a proof of this we can point to a stately building which has been erected this year for mercantile purposes, in close proximity to the church, on ground bought for the purpose at the fabulous rate absolutely of £1,800,000 and upwards the statute acre. Again, the Dutch community in London, always comparatively small in number, have of late years, with the rest of the wealthy mercantile classes, gone to reside in the suburbs, and their church, like many others in the City from similar causes, has been but thinly attended. It is but just towards the trustees to state that they disclaimed at the time any intention to pull down the remains of the fabric, after the fire, and that, on the contrary, just before the accident they had expended about £3000 in its repair. The restoration is now being effected by Messrs. Browne and Robinson, the eminent builders, in Worship-street, from designs by Mr. Edward I'Anson and Mr. William Lightly, architects; and Mr. Spaul, of Norwich, holds the contract for the screenwork and pewing, all of which will be of oak. The roof, which is now of wood, and open and elegant in design, substituting an unsightly flat ceiling, is supported on twenty graceful columns, with arches springing from each pillar, and towards the east end there are six dormers in it, three on each side, intended to light up the chancel. The church consists now, as before, of a lofty nave and two side aisles. Its interior is 136 ft. in length by 80 ft.; the nave is 50 ft. high, and each of the side aisles 37 ft. Besides the main or western door there is a porch at the south side of the building. In addition to the dormers in the roof, the fabric will be lighted by eighteen windows, with flowing tracery, including the western window, which, next to that of Westminster Hall, is said to be the largest of any building in London. The tracery in twelve of the windows, which had been wholly destroyed by time and the fire together, is being restored in Portland stone. The prevailing style of architecture throughout the edifice is pure Gothic, and the walls, which are built of Kentish rag and flint, remain firm and solid to this day, after resisting the effects of time for more than six centuries and the action of the fire, which destroyed the rest of the fabric.

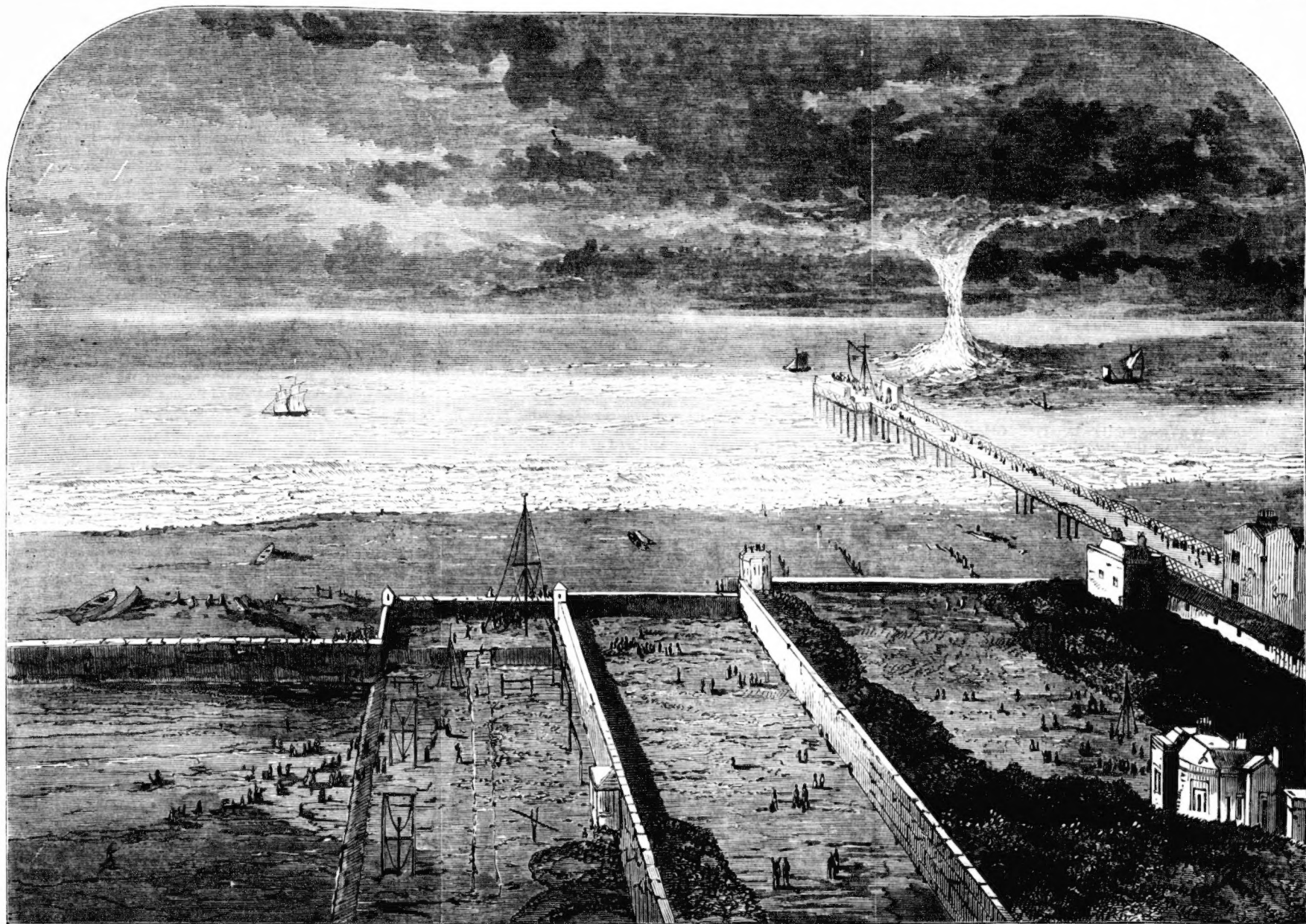
SOMETHING LIKE A BOWL OF PUNCH.—On the 25th of October, 1694, a bowl of punch was made at the light Hon. Edward Russell's house, when he was Captain General Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's forces in the Mediterranean Sea. It was made in a fountain in a garden in the middle of four walks, all covered overhead with orange and lemon trees; and in every walk was a table, the whole length of it, covered with cold collations, &c. In the said fountain were the following ingredients—namely,

- 4 hogheads of brandy,
- 25,000 lemons,
- 20 gallons lime-juice,
- 1500 weight of fine Lisbon sugar,
- 5 lb. grated nutmegs,
- 30 toasted biscuits,
- 1 pipe of dry mountain Malaga.

Over the fountain was a large canopy to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain and filled the cups to the company, and, in all probability more than 6000 men drank thereof.



SCENE OF THE LATE GREAT FIRE AT LIMOGES — (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. FOURNIER)



THE WATERSPOUT IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, AS SEEN FROM THE COLLEGE, WORTHING.

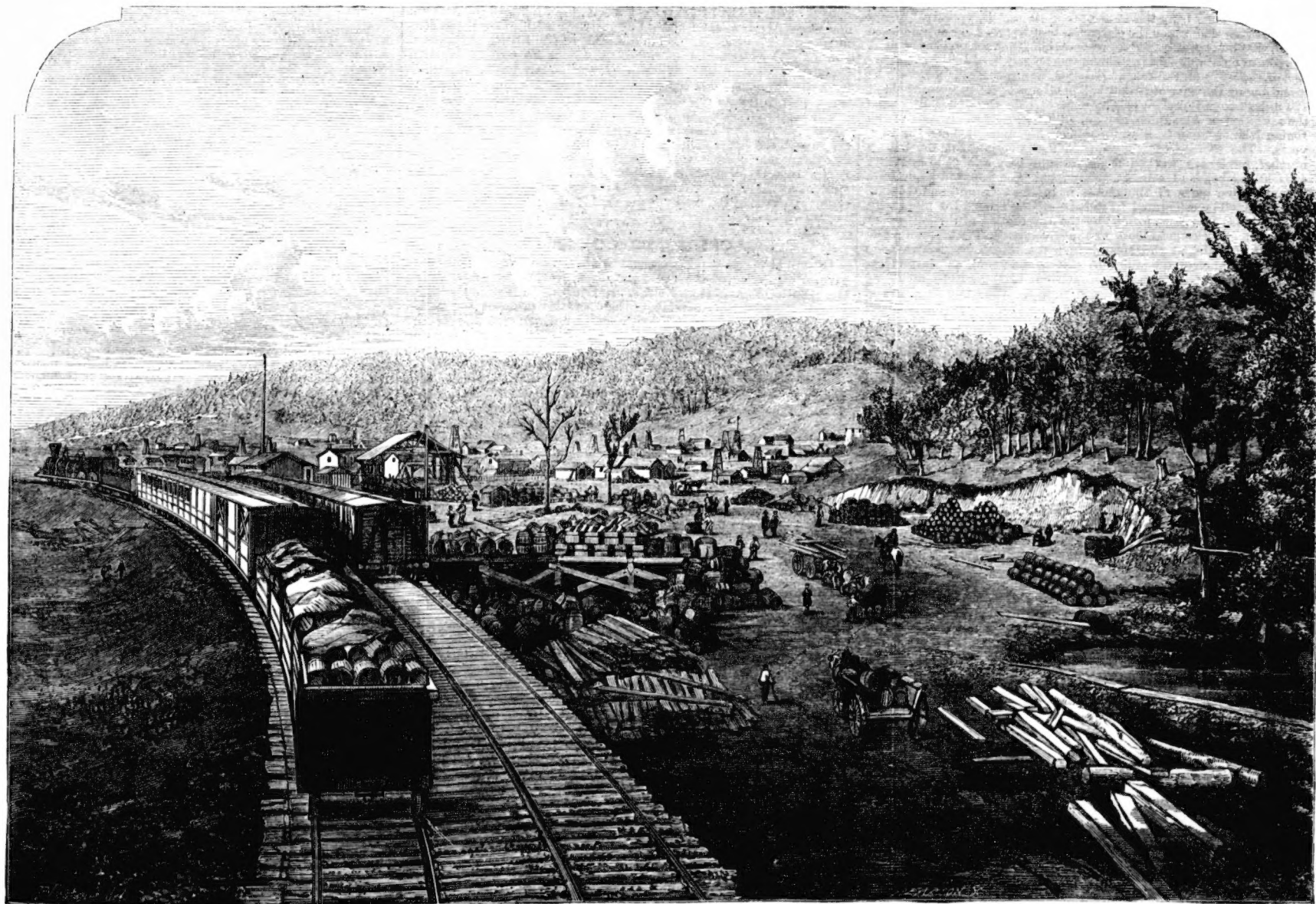
THE LATE FIRE AT LIMOGES.

OUR readers are already aware that a large portion of the city of Limoges has been destroyed by fire. We this week publish an Engraving showing the ruin wrought by the flames, and which has been even more extensive than was at first supposed. Upwards of a hundred houses have been destroyed, which were situated in the

very heart of the city. The value of the property consumed is estimated at upwards of £200,000.

Limoges, the capital of the department of the Haute Vienne, is one of those ancient cities in which the fever of architectural improvement or alteration had only just begun to make itself felt. The unpretending city on the banks of the River Vienne, has long been

ranked among the most industrious commercial places in France, and had become especially celebrated for its manufactures of beautiful porcelain, its ironworks, tanneries, &c.; and the 46,000 inhabitants comprising its population were for the most part accustomed to the arduous occupations of commerce or production. Fêtes in such places are rare—for time is precious where factories



THE FRANKLIN STATION OF THE ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY, OIL-CREEK, PENNSYLVANIA.

exist; but one of these rare rejoicings took place in Limoges on the 15th of August, in honour of the religious Fête de l'Assomption, the day also set apart throughout France for the festivities initiated by the Imperial Government on the occasion of the Fête Napoléon.

The double fête-day had passed off with the usual demonstrations of religious and national sentiments, and was terminating with a display of fireworks in the Champ-de-Juillet, when suddenly an alarm of fire was raised by thousands of voices in the city, and a few minutes changed the scene of joy into one of grief and terror. A sea of flame had almost instantaneously lighted up the whole city, and its waves rolled so rapidly along that it was not possible to know the extent of the conflagration, rendered still more terrible by the inadequate supply of water and the combustible nature of the old wooden houses in the heart of the city, where the fire had broken out. Means for the suppression of the fire were promptly organised; but the flames got so great a mastery over the very vitals of Limoges that all efforts for their extinction proved unavailing. Brigades of firemen from neighbouring places hastened to the scene of devastation, and with the aid of the military and a willing public, and after many days' labour, succeeded, not in extinguishing the fire where it had already taken possession, but in preserving the other portions of the town that seemed at first destined to fall a prey to the ravaging element. The fire, although in the end confined within certain limits, destroyed nearly all that portion of the city comprised between the Church of St. Michel and the Palace of Justice.

A WATERSPOUT IN THE CHANNEL.

On the morning of the 21st ult. waterspouts were seen in the Channel, both off Brighton and Worthing. A correspondent writing from the latter town says that the morning was very dull and thundery, attended with a few showers, and the lightning severe. The clouds were seen to be moving in all directions; some light and feathery, others heavy and of grand appearance. The sea at the time (nine o'clock) was quite calm, with a slight breeze blowing from the N.E. At 9.5 the clouds were seen to revolve in a circle, about half a mile in diameter, and gradually approach the centre, which descended, diminishing in size, till, when about 50 ft. from the surface of the sea, it increased, and united with a dense vapour arising from the water in the shape of a cone. The sea, for a circle of 300 ft., was in a most disturbed state, the immense waves rolling to a centre and throwing up masses of foam. At 9.15 the waterspout broke, and an exceedingly heavy hailstorm attended its dissolution, some of the stones being about three quarters of an inch in diameter. The disturbed water travelled to the eastward at a rapid rate (nearly forty miles per hour), and when opposite Brighton another waterspout was formed, but far more graceful in appearance than the first, the upper part not being so bulky, but much higher. Its existence, however, was but of short duration.

The phenomenon, as witnessed at Brighton, is thus described by another observer:—"The storm came over from the westward with an intense blackness of cloud, thunder having been over our heads for about half an hour previously. It reached the east side of the town about half-past nine, and burst with terrific fury almost instantaneously. A few minutes before this took place a dark blue waterspout was distinctly visible about two miles out at sea, which rapidly rose from the water like a thick cloud of smoke from a chimney, and joined the dark clouds above. There seemed to be several other smaller connections with the sea; but by this time the atmosphere became so thick and dark that the separation of the clouds and sea was not discernible. The downfall of hail was something terrific, the streets being quickly covered with large pieces of ice. I picked up one which, without any exaggeration, was as large as a sparrow's egg."

Our Engraving shows the waterspout as seen from the tower of Worthing College, whose great elevation afforded an excellent position from which to view this remarkable phenomenon of the mighty deep.

THE OIL-VELLS OF AMERICA.

THE American petroleum trade has so suddenly sprung up into vast importance that one might easily suppose the article itself to be a novelty. So far from this, however, it has been known and employed in the arts from the most ancient times. Egyptian mummies are in existence of which the cerements bear traces of the petroleum in which they had been steeped to preserve them from the ravages of time. Herodotus mentions that petroleum was largely used in the construction of the walls and towers of Babylon, and traces of it may still be found among the ruins of Nineveh. The oil-springs of Is, situated about 120 miles above Babylon, on a tributary of the Euphrates, attracted the attention of Alexander, and are still in existence. One of the Ionian Islands there is a spring which has been flowing for 2000 years. The springs of Rangoon, in the Burman Empire, 520 in number, have been worked for ages, and they now yield annually 400,000 hogsheds of oil. Petroleum has been found in later times in many other parts of the globe, including Clermont and Gobian, in France. The celebrated "Pitch Lake" of Trinidad is filled with a bituminous substance formed by the evaporation of this oil.

Even in America petroleum is not a novelty. In Pennsylvania and Western Canada, at the spots where the recent discoveries were made, some ancient oil-wells are still to be found, and large trees are now growing in the earth thrown out of these wells, affording incontestible proof of their great antiquity. The early English and French settlers seem to have known nothing of petroleum, and when, in 1836 and 1844, mention was publicly made of certain oil-springs at Little Kanawha, Virginia, and of liquid bitumen in Western Canada, the discoveries attracted little or no attention. It was not till 1857 that operations were commenced for the distillation of the bitumen at Enniskillen, in Canada; and the operators then speedily discovered that by sinking wells a similar material might be obtained in a fluid state. Large quantities of oil were thus procured. Two years later a well was sunk to the depth of 70 ft., near to the ancient wells already referred to, in Venango, in the State of Pennsylvania. The oil flowed with such force that for many weeks 1000 gallons per day were obtained from this well. Other wells were speedily sunk, many of which yielded large quantities of oil.

In some districts the earth is saturated with the oil, and, occasionally, a porous sandstone or limestone will yield considerable quantities. More commonly, however, the oil is collected in fissures in the rocks, at various depths below the surface. In some cases an ample supply of oil is obtained at 40 ft. deep, while other wells are sunk as low as 120 ft. to 160 ft. In Titusville, Pennsylvania, there are wells of the depth of 500 ft. Usually, when the oil is reached, the pressure of gas in the fissures forces it up, and it flows for some time to the surface. As soon as the oil has ceased flowing a pump is employed. Sometimes the oil continues to flow spontaneously, and with such force as to defy every effort to control it.

Different opinions prevail in regard to the origin of petroleum. There can be no doubt that it has been derived in some way or other from organic remains; but whether by a slow process of distillation at a low temperature, or by simple decomposition, there is at present no sufficient evidence to decide.

The quantity of oil yielded by the wells varies considerably, some wells producing only ten barrels per day, and others as much as 300 barrels. It is probable that the total yield of oil in America is, at the least, 150,000 gallons per day. The method of working is very rude and imperfect, and, with better machinery, much larger quantities of oil may be obtained. The following figures show the rapid progress of the trade in this article. In 1861, 37,082 barrels of petroleum were exported from America; in the following year the number of barrels reached 362,533; and in the first six months of 1863 it was no less than 568,553.

It may be well to remark, that a large quantity of the oil which comes from America has not been freed from inflammable spirit, the presence of which constitutes the only source of danger. But if consumers would be careful to obtain only some well-known brand, they might use petroleum with perfect safety. The brilliant and

colourless oil, so popularly known as the "patent kerosene oil," affords a most powerful light at a very moderate cost, and is quite free from every objectionable quality.

The discovery of the oil-wells, and of the valuable properties of petroleum, would have been of limited advantage to the world without adequate means of transport. When the first wells were sunk in Oil Creek the oil was collected in casks, and conveyed by long trains of carts, slowly and wearily, over roads of the roughest description; or the casks were lashed together to form rafts, which were then floated along the shallow rivers, often with considerable loss of the oil. The value of the oil was thus greatly enhanced by the cost and risk of carriage, and the price to the consumer was necessarily much higher than it should have been. But after a little while a railway was seen pushing its way through the woods and swamps at the rate of a mile per day, and the requisite facilities of carriage were provided.

The Atlantic and Great Western is a very remarkable railway—remarkable in respect to its origin, the circumstances of its construction, and its future prospects. From New York a railway runs in a north-westerly direction to Lake Erie. Another railway, whose direction is nearly due west, connects the important western city of St. Louis with the cities of Cincinnati and Dayton. About thirteen years ago, when these two railways were yet unfinished, a manufacturer living in Ohio conceived the idea of constructing a line of 400 miles in length, to connect the two, and thus to form one grand direct line from New York to St. Louis. With much difficulty he obtained the requisite powers for constructing the railway, but the scheme was not regarded with favour by the American public, and it appeared likely to fail for lack of support. The project, however, had attracted the attention of Mr. James M'Henry, of London, who was in correspondence with M. De Salamanca, an eminent Spanish capitalist, and other men of resources equal to his own, and of sagacity equal to their resources. Mr. M'Henry discerned in this unfortunate railway, which no one would support, the elements of a great success. The report of Mr. Kennard, a skilful engineer who visited the route, confirmed him in this opinion; and, although America was now on the verge of civil war, he determined to construct the line at once. The question of money did not trouble Mr. M'Henry and his friends. To obviate all difficulty on this score, they began the work at their own risk, and they did not ask the public to subscribe a farthing until a section of the line had been completed, which they could offer as a material guarantee. In the spring of 1862 the work was commenced, 5000 labourers having been carried from England for the purpose, and notwithstanding all the difficulties arising from the civil war, the progress was so rapid that, at the end of the year, 200 miles were completed in as many days. The main line is now open from Salamanca, on the New York and Erie Railway, to Dayton, thus establishing direct communication between New York and St. Louis, a distance of 1200 miles, without change of carriage. Two important branches have already been constructed; one, of sixty-seven miles in length, to Cleveland, the great port of Lake Erie; and one of fifty-four miles, to Franklin and Titusville, passing through the oil region.

It is now evident that this railway, constructed under every kind of discouragement by a few enterprising individuals, is destined to become one of the greatest and most prosperous undertakings in the world. It passes through the most fertile portions of the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, the internal traffic of which is very great; and even in the uncultivated districts which it traverses towns and villages are springing up on every hand. The oil traffic is of itself greater than the line can at present carry, and will provide employment for largely increased means of transport. But the line has other and still more important sources of income. Other western lines are unfavourably noted for their frequent breaks of gauge, involving changes of carriages, circuitous routes, and steep gradients; but this railway, being free from these defects, will undoubtedly become the great highway from the Far West to the Atlantic. The farmers of the grain-producing prairies, who have frequently burnt their corn as fuel because the cost of transport was so great, will now be provided with ready means of conveyance to the markets of the New and the Old World. When peace is restored, the new line will also gather up the cotton of the neighbouring Southern States and convey it to New York. A bridge over the Niagara will form the connecting link between the Atlantic and Great Western and the leading railways of Canada West, conferring great benefits on the inhabitants of the British possessions, and greatly extending the traffic. There is no coal in Western Canada, but this railway will convey thither an unlimited supply from the Pennsylvania coal-fields, and receive back the grain of the Canadian farmers for direct conveyance to the Atlantic ports.

The returns from the Atlantic and Great Western Railway already amount to between £50 and £60 per mile per week; when they reach the larger amount it is expected that the line will pay the handsome dividend of 25 per cent to its shareholders. Our Engraving, taken from a photograph, represents the Franklin station, at Oil Creek, Pennsylvania; some of the sheds and other rude apparatus of the oil-wells are visible in the distance.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

OF actual operatic performances we have no news whatever to give. The voice of the opera-singer is everywhere mute during the month of August. Neither in London, in Paris, nor in St. Petersburg—the three capitals of the operatic world—can an Italian vocalist be heard during the "silly season" which separates summer from winter. Nor are native artists either much given to singing during this eminently unartistic period. In London we had two Italian Operas in the summer, and we are promised two English Operas for the winter; but at present, and until the middle of October, nothing like an operatic performance can be heard—except, indeed, at Mr. Alfred Mellon's excellent Promenade Concerts, where the solos, duets, and concerted pieces in the most popular operas of the day are executed by instrumentalists. Paris is, in this respect, no better off than London. The only operatic performance worth mentioning that the Parisians have had offered to them of late has been the celebrated letter in which the Emperor Napoleon draws a contrast between the supposed rapidity with which the construction of the new French Opera House has been carried on and the undeniable slowness which has marked the labours of the builders at the hospital known as the Hôtel Dieu. A week or two ago we sought in vain for an opportunity of hearing one opera in Paris—a capital, be it remembered, which has four opera-houses. The Théâtre Lyrique shut, the Opéra Comique shut, the Italian Opéra shut, of course; the Grand Opéra open only for ballets! Taking London and Paris together, eight operatic establishments (past, present, and future), and not one operatic performance!

As to operatic work to come, the first signs of renewed life given by the Italians will be at St. Petersburg, whither Giuglini, Tamberlik, Graziani, Nantier-Didicé, and a few other members of the two London companies have already started. They will, no doubt, have the honour of singing before the Prince and Princess of Wales, who are, it is said, about to visit the Russian Court—for the purpose, it is rumoured, of thanking Prince Gortschakoff for the respectful and polite manner in which he replied to Earl Russell's despatches last summer. Of the Paris Italian Opera, the only new thing we hear is that the director, profiting by the theatrical liberty recently introduced into France, has engaged a superlatively excellent ballet company for the coming winter season.

The winter season in London is to be enlivened by the rivalry of two English operas. At Covent Garden the English Opera Company commences proceedings the first week in October. At Her Majesty's Theatre Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison assume the management of a new troop the third week in the same month.

It has of late years become a rule in operatic affairs, if one speculation does not succeed, to try two. When things began to go badly with Mr. Lumley at Her Majesty's Theatre the Royal Italian Opera was suddenly started. After the bankruptcy of Mr. Delafield

had shown that the Royal Italian Opera had not—at least up to that time—been a very flourishing speculation, Her Majesty's Theatre was set going again on a scale of increased magnificence. In the same way, Mr. Harrison, having admitted last year that his efforts to establish an English opera at Covent Garden had not been attended with success, we now find a joint-stock company about to attempt the very thing in which an individual manager of considerable experience and judgment avowedly failed; more than that, we find Mr. Harrison coming out as a rival to the very company which originally presented itself as a rival to Mr. Harrison.

On which side and with whom lies the best chance of success? With the singers directed by the company, or the company directed by the singers (i.e., by Mr. Harrison and Miss Louisa Pyne)? Other things being equal, we have certainly a prejudice in favour of responsible individual managers, whose personal interests, however much they may be thought to mislead them in the matter of art, are at least identical with those of the theatre itself. When the direction of affairs is left to the board of a joint-stock company, each member of the board has some little caprice to gratify, some friend to bring forward, some favourite work which he wishes to see produced. Knowing nothing of stage matters, the dozen amateur managers imagine that they can indulge these little personal predilections without injuring the general interests of the theatre, which, indeed, many of them care very little about.

Of course, in the coming struggle between the two English operas a great deal will depend on the merits of the singers engaged, and more still, perhaps, on those of the new works produced. As to the singers, the three best that England can boast of will appear at Her Majesty's Theatre—we mean Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Sims Reeves. We have not heard who is to be engaged at Covent Garden, but we believe the Opera Company had, in the first instance, counted upon both Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Sims Reeves. It has been understood from the beginning of the threatened contest that Mr. Sims Reeves would sing nowhere but at her Majesty's Theatre, under whatever system of management that establishment might be during the winter months.

With regard to operatic productions, we understand that the English Opera Company will begin the season with two new works—one to be produced the first, the other the second, night; the two to be then played alternately. Mr. Macfarren, Mr. Hatton, and half a dozen other composers have operas ready and waiting to be brought out, and, with two English operatic establishments about to engage in an eager contest, it will be strange if all the composers who have new works in their portfolios do not get a chance this time of making them heard.

Those amateurs who positively cannot exist without music, and who cannot content themselves with Mr. Mellon's admirable promenade concerts, are now at Hereford "assisting" at the Festival of the Three Choirs, and in the course of the week a far larger number will no doubt betake themselves to Birmingham to hear (among other things) Mr. Costa's new oratorio, with Mlle. Adeline Patti in the principal part.

PEOPLE'S NAMES.

THERE are above a quarter of a million of persons in England and Wales bearing the cosmopolitan surname of Smith, and above 45,000 persons in Scotland. If you meet seventy-three persons in England, or even sixty-eight in Scotland, you may expect to find a Smith among them. Next to Smith there comes in each country a purely local name—Jones in England and Wales, Macdonald in Scotland; in every seventy-eight persons in Scotland there is a Macdonald. The next most common names in England are—Williams, Taylor, Davies, and Brown; in Scotland, Brown occupies a very high numerical position, but several purely Scottish names also stand high upon the list—Robertson, Stewart, Campbell, Anderson. There is a much greater clan predominance of surnames in Scotland than in England. There are in both countries many surnames derived from occupation, locality, or personal qualities; while in England, in the fifty most common surnames only twenty-seven, in Scotland thirty-seven—the great majority—are real patronymics and truly surnames, either in their pure, unaltered state, as Grant, Cameron, &c., or altered so as to express the descent, as in Robertson and Morrison, or with the Gaelic Mac. A recent examination of the birth-register of Scotland for a year showed 104,018 births and only 6823 separate surnames, so that there are more than fifteen persons upon an average to a surname, or only 6.5 surnames to one hundred persons. In England, a similar examination by the Registrar-General showed only 8.4 persons to a surname, or twelve surnames to one hundred persons. The proportion of persons attached to each surname would have been still larger in Scotland, and more than double that of England, but for the immense immigration from Ireland in the last quarter of a century. In the Scottish registers the fifty most common surnames embrace nearly thirty per cent of all the names on the register; in England only about eighteen per cent. Of the fifty most common surnames in Scotland thirty-two either entirely or in the form in which they occur in Scotland may be reckoned as having originated in that country, and as being peculiar to it; a very large proportion considering all circumstances. The remainder are common also to England. The sobriquets perpetuated as surnames from a supposed likeness to the animal creation of course vary in England and Scotland with the language of each country. English Fox is supererogated in Scotland by Tod, a very common name, having the same meaning. Bullock becomes Stott, and Crow Crag. Hogg in Scotland is not to be traced to pig, but a lamb a year old. Mr. Stork, of the Scottish Register Office, from whose sixth annual report (just issued) these statements are taken, has also had the curiosity to note the Christian names occurring upon the registers. In 3690 entries of births of boys there were only sixty-seven different Christian names; but among a like number of girls there were eighty-six. John and James greatly preponderate among the boys. Among the girls, Margaret is the favourite name, but Mary is very close to it. In the Highland clans Mary decidedly preponderates, but Margaret in all other parts of Scotland. Several names not uncommon among girls in England did not occur so many as three times in the entire Scottish list of 3689—Beatrice, Clara, Emma, Julia, Lucy; and among the 3690 boys there were not three with either of several of our common English names—Alfred, Arthur, Benjamin, Frederick, Philip, Stephen. The girls' list shows many variations from what we should find in England; there are twice as many Elspeths as Emlys, twice as many Marjories as Louises, four times as many Euphemias as Harriets, five times as many Graces as Carolines. Some very odd names are given to people in America:—We have heard of a family in Michigan whose sons were named One Stickney, Two Stickney, Three Stickney, and whose daughters were named First Stickney, Second Stickney, and so on. Three elder children of a family in Vermont were named Joseph, And, Another; and it is supposed that, should they have any more, they might have named them also, Moreover, Nevertheless, and Notwithstanding. Another family actually named their child Finis, supposing that it was their last; but they afterwards happened to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called Addenda, Appendix, and Supplement. Another parent set out to perpetuate the twelve apostles, and named the fifth child Acts. A man in Pennsylvania called his second son James Also, and the third William Likewise.

THE SCORPION, one of the famous Birkenhead steam-rams, made a trial-trip on Tuesday. The speed attained was about twelve knots per hour. She answered her helm splendidly. The results are considered exceedingly satisfactory.

MORE PLAIN THAN PLEASANT.—During one of Charles Kean's visits to America he was entertained at dinner by one of the great New York merchants. Opposite to him at the table there sat a gentleman, who continued to observe him with marked attention, and at last called on the host to present him to Mr. Kean. The introduction was duly made, and ratified by drinking wine together, when the stranger, with much impressiveness of manner, said, "I saw you in 'Richard' last night." Kean, feeling, not unnaturally, that a compliment was approaching, smiled blandly and bowed. "Yes, Sir," continued the other, in a slow, almost judicial tone, "I have seen your father in 'Richard'; and I saw the last Mr. Cook." Another pause, in which Charles Kean's triumph was gradually mounting higher and higher. "Yes, Sir, Cook, Sir, was better than your father; and your father, Sir, a long way better than you!"

SOUTHERN-BORN NORTHERNERS.—It is a curious fact, not generally known, that General Grant, like President Lincoln (who, however, emigrated to Illinois in early youth), is a native of Kentucky. This is not an isolated case, a majority of the officers who have gained distinction in the Northern army and navy being born in the slaveholding States. Thus, General Thomas, who saved the Federal army from utter destruction in the disaster of Chickamauga, is a Virginian by birth; Admiral Farragut, who has just won the victory off Mobile, is a native of New Orleans; Captain Winslow, of the Kearsarge, a native of North Carolina, and his first Lieutenant, of Virginia. These instances could be considerably increased, and, if collected together, would give a curious total result. The only counterpart in the Southern armies is to be found in the cases of General Pemberton, a native of Pennsylvania, and General Lovell, appointed from New York, but born in Maryland; and, by a strange fatality of coincidence, these two names are identified with the two greatest reverses of the Confederate arms—the fall of Vicksburg and of New Orleans.—The Index.

HOMEOPATHY'S GREATNESS should receive a fair and impartial trial from all afflicted with sores, wounds, bad legs, varicose veins, numbness of the muscles, contracted sinews, and many infirmities by which multitudes pass through a miserable existence to an early grave.

